The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1893.

The Week.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S decision in the Hawaiian case is the only just one possible. He has simply undone the wrong which Minister Stevens, acting without authority, committed in the name of the Harrison Administration, and which that Administration itself was forced to disavow after it had made thoroughly discreditable use of it. Secretary Gresham gives a clear and straightforward statement of all the disgraceful episodes in this most un-American proceeding, showing, what was made plain long ago, that the conduct of Mr. Stevens was indefensible in every particular, and was sustained by him with misrepresentation and falsehood. As Secretary Gresham says:

> "Should not the great wrong done to a feeble, but independent State, by an abuse of the authority of the United States, be undone by restoring the legitimate government? Anything short of that will not, I respectfully submit, satisfy the demands of justice. Can the United States consistently insist that other nations shall respect the independence of Hawaii while not respecting it themselves? Our government was the first to recognize the independence of the Islands, and it should be the last to acquire sovereignty over them by force and fraud."

There is no other answer to these questions than the one which the Cleveland Administration has given. President Harrison's course in the matter was scarcely less discreditable than that of Stevens. The Queen of Hawaii issued a proclamation after the Stevens seizure by force and fraud, in which she said she had yielded her authority to force and under protest, *pending an appeal of her case to the United States.* She then sent to this country a commission to present her case to the President. Without granting the very ordinary courtesy of awaiting the arrival of her envoys, the President closed the case without hearing the Queen's side at all, and hurried a message to Congress, with a treaty of annexation, saying that the "restoration of Queen Liliuokalani to her throne is undesirable, if not impossible." Nothing more disgraceful than this has ever happened in our international dealings. We observe that the annexationists are now denouncing President Cleveland's simple undoing of Harrison's wrong as a concession to "monarchy," as if a monarchy were not entitled to be treated with either decency or courtesy. We have no fear as to the popular judgment in this matter. There has never been any real sentiment in favor of annexation, as the condemnation of the Union League Club, uttered shortly after Harrison sent in his treaty, gave conclusive evidence. The American people are too sensible to believe that grabbing an island by force and fraud is the true way to vindicate our "Americanism."

The horror felt by the Republican press, and particularly the *Tribune*, over the restoration of an "idolatrous" monarch in Hawaii has not been equalled since Bill Nye discovered that he was being cheated by "a heathen Chinee." The remedy for it is to remember that, when you rob a man, you, *ipso facto*, condone the badness of his character. If, for instance, you steal his watch, you cannot plead that he is not a church member, or that he ill-treats his wife or gets drunk once a week. If we admit that we unlawfully dethroned the Queen in order to help the commercial speculations of certain people, we waive our objections both to her religion and to her morality. She is, from all we hear, quite as good a Christian as the bulk of her subjects, who are pretty steady in ordinary times, although they do now and then, when the Mauna Loa volcano is very violent, sacrifice a black pig or two by way of extra precaution. But our colored citizens in South Carolina and Mississippi are quite capable of the same thing if they had frequently to face alarming natural phenomena. Does any one suppose that if tornadoes or earthquakes became very frequent in those parts, the colored citizens would rely solely on prayer-meetings for deliverance? Moreover, we are dealing with heathen monarchs every day. The Emperor of China is a heathen; so is the Emperor of Japan, and the King of Siam, and certainly the Sultan of Morocco and of Turkey might as well be. The way the Emperor of Russia carries on before the "sacred images," too, is well calculated to draw on him the attention of the American Board. As to the Queen's morals, we do not say they leave nothing to be desired, but then is there a single moral ruler in the world, except Queen Victoria, or ex-ruler, except Benjamin Harrison? Are we to employ the army and navy to place moral rulers on the thrones of the earth, considering the kind of rulers we ourselves sit down under? Have the subjects of King Croker any right to complain of the evil behavior of other potentates? Would we allow any foreign power to land troops to deliver us from Gilroy and Paddy Divver?

We are greatly surprised at the absence in this discussion of all allusion to the virtues of universal suffrage. The *Tribune* on Tuesday had some mention of a certain "free and intelligent people" in Hawaii, whom this wicked Administration is forcing to submit to "a corrupt, idolatrous, and barbarous despotism." But it does not say of what this "free and intelligent people" consists. It cannot be possible that it consists of the 637 white Americans resident in the capital in a total registered vote of 13,593 (we quote from President Harrison's message submitting the annexation treaty), and that the term excludes the bulk of the population simply because they are native-born and colored. If this should prove true, we should all die of shame. Where would it leave the colored citizens of the Southern States, and the federal-election bill, and the wicked Democrats, and the "great work of reconstruction," and the Union League Club? What would "the Committee on Political Reform" of that institution say? Why, the very dogs in the *Tribune* office would arise and howl over such a view. We take it for granted that the *Tribune* means by "the free and intelligent people" the native-born citizens of Hawaii, without distinction of race or color, and that it is under the impression, formed through misleading reports, that they are furiously opposed to the Queen's government and would overthrow it but for Secretary Gresham and Mr. Blount. When it learns the true state of the case, it will come round, and will denounce the prejudice against color just as we do, and demand an equal voice in the government for the colored Hawaiians as it does for the colored Americans.

The current opinion is that the logical candidate of the Republicans for the Presidency in 1896 is William McKinley, jr., of Ohio. This is our opinion also. The Republican party believes in protection. Formerly it believed in protection only for infant industries. Now it believes in protecting aged ones as well, and this it learned from McKinley. Formerly it believed in moderate protection, now it believes in extreme protection. This, too, it learned from McKinley. Formerly it believed in protection for a time, now it believes in protection for eternity. This, too, it learned from McKinley. It is true that McKinley led the party to the most disastrous defeats in its history in 1890 and 1892, yet he has led it, or has seemed to lead it, to a remarkable and quite unexpected victory in 1893. His own majority is unprecedented in Ohio since the Vallandigham campaign which took place during the war. All these things point to McKinley as the logical and proper nominee of his party in 1896. Yet it is not probable that he will be nominated—for one reason, because the logical candidate of a party seldom is nominated. Yet we think that all tariff-reformers, if they could be

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consulted, would vote unanimously for the nomination of McKinley. They want to meet a candidate who represents the most extreme views on the subject of the tariff.

The Ways and Means Committee is going steadily on with its work during the recess, and the new tariff bill will be ready for presentation early in the next session. The theory that the result of the elections would cause the Democrats to abandon the policy of tariff reform has been dropped almost as soon as it was broached. The Philadelphia *Press* points out that in all our political history the party in power has gone on and executed its policy without reference to such elections, as the Republicans passed the resumption act after the "tidal wave" of 1874, and the tariff of 1883 after the next "tidal wave" in 1882. The business community will be pleased with the assurance of early action and the consequent end of the existing uncertainty as to what the new tariff rates are to be. The *Dry Goods Economist* says upon this point:

> "The worst of a tariff change is the uncertainty of its period of incubation. A portion of this uncertainty we have already undergone; the remainder we are in a better position to endure than we have been for many years. Let the tariff bill be pushed vigorously, and let a date be early fixed upon and announced on which the new bill shall take effect. This is the only sensible and honest course, and, we firmly believe, the only popular one for Congress to pursue."

It will be noticed that the price of silver bullion, which surprised many observers by advancing 3 cents per ounce immediately after the repeal bill passed into law, has subsequently fallen off again. On Thursday last the price touched 71½ cents per ounce, against 68½ in the week before repeal. Last week it closed at 69¾. The later reaction, curiously enough, is, neither in New York nor in London, ascribed to the stopping of our Government's purchases. The explanation volunteered from London is a temporary slackening in the Oriental demand for bullion, such as caused similar reactions in August and in September. If, as is now very generally believed, the repeal of our silver-purchase law was "discounted" in advance by the July break in silver's price, the key to the situation rests very largely with this Eastern market. The silver imports into India and China have this year been of extraordinary magnitude. China has already thus far taken $7,617,580 from London, or $7,055,435 more than last year's import, and more than the full annual record for any preceding year. India has imported $29,644,255 worth, and will probably before the year is over have equalled its own largest annual record.

In our rejoicings over the downfall of the Democratic bosses in the East, we have not given sufficient attention to another result of the recent elections which is also cause for great satisfaction. That is, the collapse of Populism in the West. Wherever this party has manifested any strength of late years—in Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, South Dakota, and Virginia—it lost ground this fall; this, too, although its leaders in Congress prophesied that the repeal of the silver-purchase act would swell their party's vote everywhere to immense proportions, as the only way in which the masses could utter their rebuke of the "gold-bugs" and the "money power." It is evident that this latest embodiment of financial lunacy has had its day, and will soon be laid in the political tomb along with greenbackism, grangerism, and the rest. It seems to be our fate to have a succession of these crazes from time to time, but it is encouraging to find that the area of disturbance is steadily moving westward. Since Gen. Butler, soon after the close of the war, proposed to pay the Government bonds in greenbacks, no public man on the Atlantic seaboard has lent these schemes any favor. "The Ohio idea" of greenbackism in a few years became so intolerable to Ohioans that they would not hear more of it. Kansas, Nebraska, and the Dakotas are already tiring of Populism. A few years more should sweep the remnants of this folly across the thinly settled mountain States and dump them in the Pacific Ocean.

The money which the corporations of this city have been paying as blackmail to the Croker gang will not be called for next year, as the Legislature has passed into Republican hands. In the aggregate, it must have amounted to a considerable sum, and we would now respectfully suggest that it be paid over to any organization which may be occupied with the task of overthrowing the boss system in this city and State. That this tax should have been almost openly levied and paid is surely one of the most astounding incidents of the present crisis. To find a parallel for it, one has to go back either to Turkey before the Crimean war or Scotland in the seventeenth century. As a tribute it would have been far more respectable if paid to avoid physical violence. Paid to avoid hostile legislation, it indicated extraordinary degradation of American institutions. It was not even paid to officers of the law, but to an outsider who controlled the officers of the law. Moreover, the recipients did not run away and hide their booty after receiving it, or spend it secretly in low debauchery. They spent it ostentatiously in horses and carriages and harness, and houses and farms, or, in other words, flaunted their plunder in the faces of their victims. If the corporations can afford the money—that is, can carry on their business at a profit while paying it—they ought to be willing to hand it over to any committee which is occupied with the work of reform.

The circumstantial account which Mr. Judson Lawson, the Assemblyman-elect in the Twenty-third District, gives to a *World* reporter of the Tammany system of blackmail in use in the Department of Buildings, furnishes a sufficient basis for legislative investigation. Mr. Lawson is a builder on a large scale, and has himself suffered personally many of the extortions which he enumerates. It is a notorious fact that not merely in this branch of the Tammany government, but in all other branches, the official power of the bureau is used, not to enforce the laws and protect both public and private rights, but to extort blackmail, either as the price of violating the law without interference, or as the price of freedom from constant annoyance by the underlings of the bureau. If the full truth about the way in which our laws are administered could be revealed, the people of this city would discover that they are living under a despotism more intolerable than that of the Czar of Russia, or any other civilized monarch, for it is the despotism of a band of thieves.

For the first time in the history of the country, the majority of the men in a State last week voted directly in favor of giving the women of that State the ballot on equal terms with themselves. The Constitution of Colorado has a provision that women suffrage shall be granted whenever the Legislature shall submit the question to the qualified voters and they shall ratify it. The last Legislature thus submitted it, and equal suffrage was carried on November 7 by a majority of several thousand. Women voted for years in the Territories of Utah, Wyoming, and Washington, but it was only by act of the Legislature; and although Wyoming came into the Union as a State with a constitution that forbids any denial or abridgment of the right to vote and hold office on account of sex, this constitution was ratified as a whole, without any separate vote on the suffrage clause. In Colorado, on the other hand, the question of extending the ballot to women was submitted at the polls as a separate proposition, and it was the only State issue which was thus submitted this year, the elections being for county officials. The result consequently expresses the deliberate judgment of the men, and equal suffrage of the two sexes must be accepted hereafter as the settled policy of that commonwealth. There has been a notable change of sentiment on this question among the men of Colorado during the past sixteen years, as in 1877 the same question was submitted and a similar proposition was rejected by a vote of two to one. A woman-suffrage amendment to the Constitution of Kansas will

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be submitted to the men of that State next fall.

The liberal Presbyterians flung their banner to the breeze in Cleveland on Thursday. They assert, by implication, that Dr. Briggs was deposed in an illegal manner, and declare that they do not mean to accept the invitation of the church to withdraw and flock by themselves. They mean to stay and to fight for their rights and for "reasonable liberty of opinion." The character and standing as well as the numbers of the men taking part in this movement lend it importance and make it impossible to question their motives. Their action will of itself accomplish what they wish, in frightening the conservatives into dropping all further prosecutions, or else, what is more likely, will stir up the strife again with added bitterness, and lead to extreme measures. The case of Prof. Smith, which comes before the Assembly next May, will make a convenient centre for the battle to rage around. It will try the mettle of the conservative majority, as any weakening now will mean only complete surrender, while such severity as was shown in the case of Prof. Briggs will, if repeated, almost infallibly lead to a serious split in the denomination.

It has been reported by telegraph that the Brazilian Government had suppressed the *Rio News* and placed its editor, who is an American, Mr. A. J. Lamoureux, under arrest. The issue of the *News* for September 27 shows how much reason President Peixoto had to dread its bold utterances, even when printed in the English language. Defying the press censorship, it was printing the news about the military and political situation, and was evidently in a fair way to let the truth get to the outside world despite the lying telegrams sent out by the Government. The number of the *News* referred to shows clearly that a veritable reign of terror existed in Rio de Janeiro. All who could possibly leave the city had done so, a reasonable estimate being that one-third of the population had abandoned it. Military press-gangs were roving the streets, and, not content with seizing here and there an unemployed man, were going into factories and carrying off the whole body of operatives at a stroke. Everybody of any political standing who was suspected of coolness towards Peixoto and his schemes was clapped into jail on the charge of sedition or on no charge whatever. The defenders of the city were its greatest danger, many more people having been shot, maliciously or accidentally, by Government soldiers and officers, than had been killed by the bombardment. The *News* also published communications from the States, showing how Peixoto's performances were regarded away from the capital. For example, the students of the Sao Paulo law school had published a manifesto upholding the rights of the revolutionists, and affirming that the Brazilian revolution represents "the struggle of the law to throw off a military dictatorship." These are only a few of the signs that the intelligence of the country is against Peixoto, and that he is bound to go down sooner or later.

We have had some displays of Jingoism by educated men, but never anything so bad, we are happy to believe, as that seen in Paris at the wind-up of the festivities attending the visit of the Russians. Representatives of the Russian newspapers gave a banquet at which the first men of France were present—such men as De Broglie, Brunetière, Jules Simon, Paul Leroy-Beaulieu, to mention only specimen names. The keynote of the evening was set in the speech of Count Melchior de Vogüé, whose talk was all of two great races "of imagination and susceptibility, penetrated with intelligence and feeling," at last coming to know each other better, and so to love each other. According to Count de Vogüé—and no one gave utterance to a different opinion—the *entente* between France and Russia had been initiated by the "ouvriers de la pensée," and the aim of it all was, as he expressed it in his toast: "May the two countries in concert seize and preserve the true domination of the world—the domination of thought!"

It was shameful for such men to tolerate such a misreading of the significance of the Russian visit and fêtes. Education stands for clear thinking, if for anything, and what could be more muddled thinking than to imagine that the French people were hailing the Russians as leaders in thought? It was Russian guns and ships, and not at all the Russian novel or the Russian philosophy, that France was rejoicing over. The veriest street urchins could not have been imposed upon by the talk with which these men of culture were content to deceive themselves. And then what a farce to speak of the Russian people as having any part whatever in the affair! The only Russians concerned were the Czar and his ministers, and if it had answered their purposes to fall upon the necks of Germans, Turks, or Chinese, the Russian people would have had just as much and just as little to do with it. One can imagine the astonishment of the patient *muzhiks* if they could have been embraced bodily, as they were figuratively, by their new-found French lovers. They would not have had the faintest idea what it was all about. If French culture had to give in to the passion for revenge on Germany which was really the leading source of the enthusiasm over the Russians, it would have been better to do so with cynical openness.

The Italians are having a curious experience with silver. Silver is proving as false and treacherous to them as gold did to us during the war. With every inducement to stay in Italy and serve the small wants of the inhabitants, it has been steadily crossing the Alps. That is to say, the two-franc, one-franc, fifty and twenty-centime pieces have disappeared as fast as they were put in circulation during the past year. There is literally no silver "change" in Italy, and people have to use postage-stamps and resort to other expedients of what M. Leroy-Beaulieu calls the "ages before money was invented." The reason of all this is very simple. Silver has heard that it commands in Switzerland and France a premium (in Italian paper money) of eleven or twelve per cent. For the paltry gratification of its vanity, therefore, and in complete indifference to the convenience of the Italian people, it skips across the Alps, and gets itself exchanged for paper and sends the paper back into Italy and stays behind itself. The Italian Government, having borne with this as long as possible, demanded of the other powers of the Latin Union that they should gather up all the small Italian change which comes into the hands of their tax receivers and deliver it to Italy for its value. The other governments answered, however, that there would be no use in this as long as the character of silver remained unchanged; that if Italian silver had no patriotic attachment to Italian soil, of course it would run away again as soon as let loose. Italy, therefore, now demands that all the public offices of the other governments of the Union shall be closed to Italian silver so that it shall be driven out of circulation everywhere but in Italy. To secure this there will have to be a modification of the convention of November 6, 1885. It is supposed that there are $20,000,000 in small Italian change now roaming about in France, Switzerland and Belgium, which would be caught and brought back to Italy under this arrangement, but it would have to be paid for in *gold*. We can imagine how indignant our silver men will feel over the spectacle of silver actually captured, bought with gold, and delivered over to taskmasters who make no pretence of sympathy or affection for it. But such is the proposed arrangement. The allowance of small change to each power under the convention is six francs a head of population—a beggarly portion, we must admit. One hundred or 1,000 francs a head would not be a cent too much. Has any one ever heard of anybody being ruined by having too much small change?

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THE HAWAIIAN CONSPIRACY.

THE prompt appearance of a "signed leader" in Monday's *Kennebec Journal* shows that its editor, the ex-minister to Hawaii, knows when he is hit. It was his revolution that overthrew the Hawaiian Queen, his provisional government that was set up, his scheme of annexation that President Harrison tried to put through with a Jingo whoop, and his long plotting that Commissioner Blount has now exposed and the President brought to naught. It did not need his present explosion, in the character of the baffled villain of the stage, to show his proprietorship of the combined conspiracy and speculation which is now a burst bubble. Pending the publication of Mr. Blount's report, with its detailed proofs of Secretary Gresham's assertion that Minister Stevens deceived the President and Secretary Foster, it will be instructive to review some of the evidence going to show that the annexation of the islands was steadily kept in view by the American minister for months before the "revolution" finally came.

Secretary Foster, in his letter to Congress accompanying the treaty of annexation, on February 16, said that the "change of government was entirely unexpected, so far as this Government was concerned," and that it was, "in fact, abrupt and unlooked for by the United States minister." This only shows how little attention Mr. Foster had given to Mr. Stevens's own letters to Mr. Blaine, on file in the Department, and to his leader in the *Kennebec Journal* of November 24, 1892 (not "signed" that time, but plainly enough his), and to the other articles in the American press which evidently had their inspiration from him or from some one in his confidence. Shortly after his arrival in the Islands, in November, 1889, Minister Stevens sent a despatch which showed that he was already considering how best to run up our flag over them, and his letters to Mr. Blaine in February and March, 1892, prove that he was getting ready for a revolution, and expecting to use the United States forces to help it. He specifically wrote: "I desire to know how far the present minister and naval commander may deviate from established international rules and precedents in the contingencies indicated." Further than that, long before the "unexpected" revolution, he was busily arranging the details of annexation, a certain despatch of his numbered 74 going into the matter of the sugar bounty, which he thought, in the case of the Hawaiian sugar-planters, "should be limited to six mills per pound, $12 per ton."

The first "lay" of the annexationist schemers was Anglophobia. The English were after the Islands. The Queen was a good woman and a mild sovereign, but fully under "English influence," and her niece and probable successor was actually being educated in England. Evidently this must be stopped, and to prevent England from brutally seizing the Hawaiian Islands, we must seize them ourselves. All this is set forth in the *Tribune* of October 11, 1891, along with much talk about the "open secrets" of Mr. Blaine's diplomacy, and the declaration: "It is plain that their [the Hawaiian people] almost unanimous desire for annexation to the United States must be precipitated into our councils as a practical and immediate question."

This did not work as desired, and so it was soon discovered that the Queen was a bad woman and a tyrannical ruler, against whom it was necessary to rise and establish a republic of and for aliens. That the plot was hatching for at least two months is shown by the article in Minister Stevens's paper of November 24, 1892, informing the American people that something was going to happen in Hawaii, and also by a most extraordinary article in the *Tribune* of November 20. From this we make the following extracts:

> "Events are occurring in the Hawaiian Islands which should lead the American people seriously to consider the policy of forming a closer political tie with that interesting little kingdom. It is not in the nature of things for its present government to continue much longer. Indeed, the occasion might present itself at any moment when readjustments would be unavoidable. This will happen as well because of our influence as in spite of it. . . . We are fully and absolutely responsible only when Hawaii is constituted into American territory. . . . Hawaii must become American territory. But upon the conditions of annexation hang grave and far-reaching questions of foreign policy. In considering how to complete our sovereignty over Hawaii, we shall be considering also the future of other islands that are already commercial, and are rapidly becoming political, dependencies. American statesmen should be ready for this emergency. It may arise at any moment."

All this was said absolutely without reference to current news. The public knew nothing whatever of those "events" which Mr. Stevens's paper on November 24 and the *Tribune* of November 20 knew all about. By a noteworthy coincidence, November 20 was also the date of a "confidential" despatch of Stevens's urging "bold and vigorous measures for annexation." Why these warnings to the American people to be ready for "readjustments" in "that interesting little kingdom," and why these hints to American statesmen to be prepared for an emergency that might arise at any moment? Why Minister Stevens's anxiety for authority to "deviate from established international rules and precedents"? If there is any explanation of all these mysteries except the one which Secretary Gresham charges, namely, that the American minister intrigued with a lot of other aliens to overthrow the constitutional government of Hawaii, we should be glad to have it pointed out. It is clear, at any rate, that Secretary Foster's "unexpected change of government" was not unexpected to the conspirators. As Mr. Gresham remarks, President Harrison and Secretary Foster may have been deceived, but Stevens and his allies were not. They were trying to break the news gently to the American people for two months before their plot was put in successful operation.

McKANE AND McKANEISM.

THE most notorious criminal in the United States to-day is John Y. McKane, the boss of Coney Island, which forms the chief part of the town of Gravesend, in Kings County. His performances during the week before election, culminating on the day itself in his defiance of a mandate of the Supreme Court and his treatment of its lawful bearers, have been told by the telegraph all over the country. The movement to secure his punishment is in the hands of the ablest and wisest men of Kings County, who are taking every step with proper care and deliberation, in pursuance of a well-defined policy which cannot fail to end in his imprisonment. Meanwhile, it will be profitable to study his career, for it is full of instruction and warning.

McKane is a man admirably qualified by nature for the political leadership of a town which is so largely composed as is Gravesend of the lower and rougher elements of society—the men who are connected with a multitude of cheap hotels and cheaper places of amusement, together with the hostlers, drivers, stable-boys, and hangers-on of race-tracks—in short, the riff-raff of the community. "Rough and ready" in his manners, the warmest of friends and the bitterest of enemies, quick to see the opportunity for power offered by the development of Coney Island into a great watering-place for the masses of Brooklyn and New York, shrewd and fertile in methods, he gradually gathered to himself all of the important offices not only of state but of church. For this most picturesque of bosses has not only been "hail fellow well met" with the "toughs," whom as chief of police he welcomed to the building which he owned and let for prize-fights, but he has also been the chief pillar of the local Methodist church and for many years superintendent of its Sunday-school. He could teach the lessons of Christian duty to his pupils on Sunday, order his tools on Monday how to intimidate any voters who manifested signs of independence, and greet on Tuesday a distinguished citizen of his county who carried the writ of the Supreme Court with the message:

> "Injunctions don't go here; I'll take no papers. I don't care a d—n for the Supreme Court or for Judge Barnard."

This man, then, at last really considered himself above all law. In the recent campaign he was supporting Maynard and the remainder of the Demo-

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cratic ticket, and most people naturally suppose that he has always been a Democrat. But it is only two years since he cast the town's vote for the Republican candidate for Governor, and five years ago he was an earnest supporter of the Republican candidate for the Presidency. In the New York *Tribune* of November 8, 1888, we find, in an article entitled "Kings County Did Well," the statement:

"The Democratic plurality in the county is reduced from 15,748 to 12,037, a falling off of 3,711. To this result the change in Gravesend from a Democratic majority of 372 in 1884 to a Republican majority of 436, due to the efforts of John Y. McKane, contributes considerably."

The Republican managers were most warm and hearty in welcoming this political bandit into their ranks. They were delighted to humor his vanity by inviting him to help in inaugurating the President whom he had helped to elect, and the *Tribune* of March 5, 1889, mentions the fact that "the John J. O'Brien and John Y. McKane Associations gave a little spice to the tail end of the pageant, and all the New York clubs were cordially recognized from the grand stand." Nor was this all. The Republican President was proud to receive this notorious boss in the White House; he consulted him as to the distribution of the patronage in Kings County; and he named McKane's man for United States marshal of the district. Even as recently as two years ago the Republican managers in this State made a bargain with him, the existence of which he openly avowed before election day, by which he was to return his town for Fassett, running on a platform of opposition to Tammany and boss rule. And he actually did turn in figures by which Fassett was credited with 1,098 votes against only 180 for Flower—although, to oblige a friend who was running for a local office, he returned on the same day an even larger majority for the county ticket of the other party!

"Who is responsible for this John Y. McKane," asks the Philadelphia *Press*, "and who encouraged him to believe that he could commit fraud with impunity and make a population of 8,418 stand for 6,218 voters?" We reply that both parties are responsible for him. Every leader of both the Republicans and the Democrats, from the lowest county politician to the highest official in the United States, who was ready to bargain with this freebooter, is responsible for him. Ex-President Harrison, who gave him federal patronage, is responsible for him. President Cleveland is responsible for him, if it be true that he has lent him any favor since he professed to turn Democrat again. The honest masses of both parties are responsible for him, who were ready to accept his stolen goods so long as he stole for them. The Methodist denomination is responsible for him, which was ready to honor him with church offices because he was powerful and made liberal contributions to its support. All of us are responsible for him who have not made unceasing war upon bossism, whatever its party label.

The country has stood aghast at McKaneism in its final development as treason against the State and revolt against the whole system of lawful authority. But this is only the normal and legitimate end of bossism. McKane was one of the type which contracts to "deliver his vote." He long delivered it to the Democrats, and secured the reward which he claimed. When he quarrelled with them, he delivered it to the Republicans, and he found a Republican President quick to give him pay in federal patronage for value received. Is it any wonder that this vulgar tyrant, who had been received with respect in the White House, should come to consider himself above a mere judge of the Supreme Court? Is it strange that he does not comprehend his crime when he was only trying to "deliver his vote" once more? Let us make no mistake about McKane. He is no mystery, no phenomenon, no accident. The only thing accidental about him is the party badge he sports at any given moment.

COMING INVESTIGATIONS.

WE trust that the rumors which are in circulation concerning the determination of the new Legislature to authorize an investigation of Tammany rule in this city, and Democratic misrule in other cities also, are well founded. The Tammany authorities show their uneasiness at the prospect by declaring with unnecessary promptness and emphasis that they will welcome all inquiry gladly, and hope it will not fail to be made. They ought to be given full opportunity to vindicate their system of government, and to display before the public all its merits. The best kind of a committee, it seems to us, would be a joint one from the two houses, containing only men of good character. Not a man suspected of "striking" propensities, or who in the past had been caught in "deals" with Tammany Hall, or who has, like "Ham" Fish, been presented by Tammany with diamond shirt-studs as a reward for services rendered, ought to be allowed on it. What is wanted is a fearless and merciless inquiry, not a hunt for a basis upon which to lay a demand for hush-money or terms.

The field for investigation was never more promising than at present. There are in it so many inviting points that we can only suggest a partial list. First of all in importance and in possibilities of development is the police department. A thorough revelation of what goes on in that would not merely startle but would astound the community. If a committee were to disclose the relations of the Tammany authorities, through the police department, with the gambling-houses, liquor-saloons, dives, brothels, and other resorts of the crime and vice of the city, we should have a revelation the like of which had never been made before. Such an investigation has been threatened many times, but it has never been allowed to be pushed. The momentous consequences involved have acted as an insurmountable obstacle. It may be that such would be the case if a new attempt were to be made now, although the fact that the police department is now exclusively in the control of Tammany for the first time in its history might facilitate matters somewhat. Everybody knows that criminal resorts flourish in defiance of law, and there is a general belief that they pay liberally for their immunity. It is a matter of general belief, also, that the liquor-dealers pay handsomely for various privileges which are denied them under the law. Full light on these points would be of value in showing the sources of much of the Tammany wealth.

There might also be direct inquiry as to the sources of this Tammany wealth, especially that part of it which has been acquired with such rapidity. Mr. Croker makes no concealment of the fact that he is a very rich man. He invests to the extent of a quarter of a million dollars at a time in a stock farm, and to the extent of many thousands of dollars in race-horses. He is also about to occupy a palatial house in upper Fifth Avenue. He rides about in a luxurious carriage, of the most expensive construction, and his scale of living is that of a millionaire. Yet he has no business, holds no public office, has no visible source of wealth. Where do all his riches come from? His position, openly avowed by himself, as the real director of the city government, makes inquiry into his financial affairs not inexcusable. It should be remembered that it is only a few years ago that he was a poor man, according to his own testimony and that of his political associate, ex-Mayor Grant. During the investigation by the Fassett committee in May, 1890, the fact was brought out that Grant, while sheriff, had made one of Croker's children a present of $10,000. This gift was made in 1886. When asked what Croker's financial condition at the time was, Grant said (we quote from the official report of the testimony):

"I understood that Mr. Croker was very poor indeed; that they were not well off; he had a very large family, and I felt that as I had accepted the obligations of a godfather for this child I ought to do something for it."

When Croker himself took the stand a few weeks later, to give his account of the $10,000 gift, he said:

"I have always had very peculiar notions about putting money in banks, and I always kept money around the house; we never kept a bank account, and Mrs. Croker was always

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opposed to keeping a bank account, and this money was turned right over to her.

"Q. Have you never had money out at interest? A. No, sir.

"Q. Did Mrs. Croker at that time have any money of her own out at interest? A. Not that I know of."

There are no evidences of the possession of large wealth in these disclosures. Perhaps if Mr. Croker were to be put on the stand now he might be able to explain how he, with so little in his possession in 1886 upon which to build, has succeeded in amassing his present wealth. To pass in seven years from a condition which your friends describe as "very poor indeed" to one of affluence, having during the greater part of that period no occupation and no visible source of income, is a remarkable achievement even in a country of rapidly gathered fortunes.

Mr. Croker is not the only Tammany magnate whose prosperity is based upon mysterious sources. How does it happen that municipal officials on salaries of $10,000 and $12,000 a year are able to live at the rate of $30,000 or $40,000, riding about in fine carriages, owning large studs of thoroughbred horses, and spending money like princes in various other ways? Do the rumors which fill the town of blackmail levied on corporations, contractors, and everybody else who has dealings with the city or needs the approval of the authorities, have any relation to this mystery? If the style of living were less ostentatious, it might attract less notice, and public comment upon it might be considered less justifiable; but there is no concealment about it, neither is there much doubt in the public mind as to the sources of supply.

A full and unrestrained inquiry into all branches of the municipal service upon which suspicion rests might throw a great deal of light upon the sources of Tammany wealth, especially if all persons having information upon the subject would come forward and present it. That there has been a vast sum paid in various kinds of political blackmail to somebody connected with Tammany Hall is notorious. An investigation could not fail to come across some of this, and, having once struck the trail, the hunt would be certain to run down valuable game sooner or later. Investigations are always profitable; we have never had one yet that was not a great source of gain for honest government. There has been no time since Tweed's day when one was more needed than at present, and we trust that it will be ordered, and will be put in the hands of competent persons.

ABOUT BRAZIL.

WITHOUT any desire to see the President take hastily any new position regarding the conflict now raging in Brazil, we think one point in particular should be urged on his consideration, and it is a point of considerable importance for a government like ours. That is, that in all States like those of South America, or like France, or Italy, or Germany, in which the president or sovereign is also the head of a concentrated armed force, in case of disputes between the executive and the legislature the presumptions are against the executive. In Brazil the President has not dissolved the legislature, or dispersed it, but he has vetoed one of its bills making him ineligible for a second election, and he has committed a great many violent and unconstitutional acts. Moreover, there does not seem to be any way out of the difficulty through a popular vote, for although the October elections have been postponed till December, there is not the least likelihood that in December or any other month while the war is raging a fair plébiscite can be taken. The quarrel must apparently be fought out with sword and gun, until one or other of the belligerents is worn out.

But no matter how the fortune of war may go, bystanders must not forget that in semi-barbarous or military States which are striving for constitutional representative government, the man in command of the troops is naturally suspected. If trouble arises, he is in nine cases out of ten at the bottom of it. We who have inherited representative government, and have grown used to it through ages of practice, can form no idea of the difficulty which military commanders in other countries find in obeying the law. After Alexander I. had granted a constitution to Poland, the Russian Grand Duke in command of the troops in Warsaw went on arresting people and punishing them arbitrarily as before, and a remonstrance from the civil authorities was received by him and his officers with shouts of laughter. In France, in 1851, Louis Napoleon could not put up with any constitution which restrained him. When MacMahon, another soldier, came into power, he was in like manner, but under far less auspicious circumstances, on the verge of attempting a *coup d'état*. We do not need to go back to Cromwell for examples of the danger to popular liberty of having the army commanded by a man who has learned that the law may be disobeyed with impunity. Fully half of Washington's great fame with the world outside the United States was due to his not having tried to make himself a monarch or dictator. Ability to lay down power peaceably, and to obey people who cannot lock you up if you do not obey, is, in fact, learned very slowly, and cannot be said as yet to have been thoroughly learned by any race but the Anglo-Saxon.

In South American States, as a rule, the man who once gets hold of supreme power cannot reconcile himself without great difficulty to the idea of surrendering it. The very best of such men looks about a good deal before he steps down, to see whether there is no way of avoiding it. When the constitution is clear, and party spirit quiescent, when, in short, temptation is weakest, he finally reconciles himself to the inevitable. But the time when the habit of self-government is most needed is when the constitution is not clear and party spirit runs high, and this is just the time when self-renunciation is hardest. If he has the command of the army, and there are doubts about his rights, the disposition to use the army to settle the doubts in his own favor becomes very strong. This accounts in some degree for the curious revolt of the navy under somewhat the same circumstances both in Chili and in Brazil. The case against Peixoto is not as strong as the case against Balmaceda, but there is a case against him, and those who believe in it, being unable to make a stand against the army in the capital, take to the sea. The officers of the navy are probably better educated and come from a better class than the officers of the army, and are not brought into close contact with the Executive. Moreover, in cases like Chili and Brazil, where the headquarters and chief seat of the insurrection are at an immense distance from the political capital, the navy affords the readiest means of coming to close quarters with the dictator, usurper, or whatever else he may be called.

Our Government, in dealing with disputes of this kind in countries struggling slowly towards constitutional government, gives the legislature and those who act with it or for it the benefit of every doubt. Theirs is by far the most difficult rôle. The lamp of liberty is in their hands, if it is in anybody's hands. The physical force of the occasion is almost always in the hands of their enemies. In nine cases out of ten they stand for legislation by discussion and by vote, against legislation by decree. In nine cases out of ten they offer the only materials for anything better than a dictatorship based on brute force. In the case of Chili, we did just the opposite of this. We sided with Balmaceda from the outset. We set our navy to sympathize with him; we put our law in motion to discourage and oppress his enemies, and treated his pinchbeck and illegal machine as if it were the legitimate government of Chili, in the teeth of all the best traditions of our Department of State. Finally, we came near going to war with the republic, and so smashing it that the materials for a good and strong legitimate popular government would probably have been wanting for generations.

We hope this mistake will not be repeated in Brazil. We do not as yet know which side is right, but the presumption is in favor of the malcontents, of Congress, of the writers, of the orators, and one may say of the navy. The navy never

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has any interest in despotism on shore. Its officers do not bask in royal or dictatorial favor. Their march is o'er the mountain waves, their home is on the deep. They do not mount guard in palaces, or "clean out" legislatures. The navy has the strongest interest in peace, quiet, and good order, because, when a country becomes poor and revolutionary, the navy is the first thing to go to decay. A despot can always keep a standing army about him, but as a rule the navies of free peoples are the best. The best navy in the world is that of England, the poorest that of Turkey.

"GOOD AMERICANS."

AT the dinner to Mr. Clemens (Mark Twain) at the Lotos Club on Saturday night, much was made of the fact that he is a "good American," which we believe he is, in all senses of the term. But there was a lamentable want of clearness in all the definitions of "good American" there and elsewhere. In the mouths of many people a "good American" is simply a person who does not wish to go to Europe, or, having gone to Europe, spends his time there in longing to get home, on the general principle that "America is good enough for him." Other "good Americans" are persons who, having gone to Europe, cannot put up with European food, and are consumed over there with a passionate desire for fishballs, buckwheat cakes, and doughnuts. Then there are "good Americans" who qualify simply by wearing poor clothes and old neckties as a protest against "dudism" and monarchy. But there is one mark of a "good American" which never fails: he is constantly reminding you that he is a "good American," and inquiring whether you are. To be a "good American" quietly and unostentatiously is something he cannot bear, and he is equally unwilling that you should.

The odd thing about this is, that, to a rightly constituted man, patriotism, is something like filial affection—that is, a matter of course, something that "goes without saying," as the young Gallicists would remark. The right sort of man loves his country as he loves his mother, because he cannot help it. In Scott's fine eulogy on patriotism, he says, in the familiar quotation,

> "Breathes there the man with soul so dead
> Who never to himself hath said,
> This is my own, my native land!"

It will be seen here that the man makes this observation about his native land "to himself." He does not run about the town telling everybody that he loves his native land, and urging others to do likewise. If a man on every public occasion were to inform the audience that he was a good son and loved his old mother dearly; that the reason why he loved Mark Twain or William D. Howells was that he too was a good son and loved his old mother, and that everybody ought to love his old mother, the public would laugh at him and vote him a bore. We are the only nation which indulges in this protestation. There are no such things as "good Englishmen," or "good Frenchmen," or "good Germans." There are Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Germans, and each of these terms connotes love of country, pride in her history, and readiness to serve her to the death. There ought to be only one class of Americans, known simply as "Americans." If there are two—good and bad Americans—the less said about them the better.

This matter may seem unimportant, but it is really very important. We do not know of a phrase more full of corruption for the young than "good American," for we know as a positive fact that a man may be a "good American" and yet think a criminal good enough for the court of last resort, think the rule of an ignorant foreign dictator good enough for the chief city of America, think any fool or ignoramus or drunkard good enough to represent the nation in foreign countries, think murderous anarchists estimable citizens, try to pay his debts in a currency depreciated by himself, publish a newspaper filled with the filth and lies of a continent, cheat the Government in his contracts, and shout for war in order to help his private business. Every one of these things may be done, and has been done, by "good Americans."

The way to be really "good Americans" is not to keep telling people of it and urging them to imitate you, but to be the thing you say you are. A "good American" who does not, in every way in his power, labor to make America good, is a wretched fraud. As Lowell says:

> "I loved my Country so as only they
> Who love a mother fit to die for may;
> I loved her old renown, her stainless fame;
> What better proof than that I loathed her shame?"

Hurling defiances at monarchies, or ridiculing good clothes and correct speech, and calling for wars in which other men are to suffer and die, and in which weak powers are to be despoiled, is to be a bad American. It costs nobody anything to show this kind of patriotism. Much of the "genuine Americanism" of the day comes from men who are interested in and uneasy about some piece of bad government. No man is so fierce in his Americanism as "a dead beat" who has got a consulship for which he knows he is not fit, or a boss who has "delivered" the vote of his district as per contract. Americans ought not to have to go about the world proclaiming their patriotism, and ought not to have to address each other on the beauty of this particular virtue. It excites the suspicion of the rest of the world. That "good wine needs no bush" is as true in politics as in tavern-keeping. A real patriot, like a real gentleman, is a modest, self-contained man, who keeps to himself his love of his country, as he keeps his love for his mother and wife and children. When he meets the blatant variety of American in Europe, with the national flag stuck in his buttonhole, he naturally wants to creep into his shell, or pass himself off as an Englishman or something else. And it must be admitted that one meets in Europe more or less of the class of which Mr. Lowell complains in his letters, who tell you they are "travelling with two servants" and are something different from other Americans. But both these parties ought to behave better. If the blatant, noisy American who travels on his nationality would subside, the American with the "two servants" would be more willing to let his country get the credit of his retinue.

FRANCIS PARKMAN.

THE passing away of Francis Parkman leaves vacant the first place among American writers of history. His title to this preëminence has been increasingly recognized with every new contribution to the fascinating series of volumes which bear his name. It was his felicity up to the very hour of his transit to see his star in the crescent. Whether measured by the sober estimate of the critical verifier of his facts, or by the popular approval of the way in which his facts are set forth, the historical reputation of Mr. Parkman—in a considerable degree contrasted with that of Prescott and Motley, and very strikingly in contrast with that of Bancroft—is seen to be one which steadily grows with more intimate acquaintance with his work. That this is the case is due not so much to the dignity of his theme and its aptitude for splendid workmanship upon it, though his theme lacks nothing in this regard, as to the personal qualities which Mr. Parkman himself brought to his undertaking—his absolute sincerity, his painstaking perseverance, his fine moral sense, his judicial equipoise, his wholesome uncloistered sympathy with nature and with out-door things, his self-repression, and his chaste, unexaggerating, conscientious literary taste and skill. The result is that we have in the volumes of Mr. Parkman the most graphic and most truthful of all our American historical writings, and the ones likely longest to retain a place, not alone on library shelves, but in living contact with the eyes and hearts of men.

Francis Parkman was born in Boston, September 16, 1823. He came of a line of ancestry honorably known in Massachusetts for generations. His great-grandfather, the Rev. Ebenezer Parkman, a graduate of Harvard in 1741, was a Congregational minister in Westborough fifty-eight years, a preacher of much acceptance in his day, and not without recorded evidence of historical tastes in study. His grandfather, Samuel Parkman, was a prosperous Boston merchant engaged in foreign traffic, whose beautiful home-garden on Green and Chardon Streets gave token in its possessor of those interests in floriculture which were so marked a trait of his distinguished grandson. His father, the Rev. Francis Parkman, a Harvard graduate of 1807, was a favorite student and a friend of the Rev. Dr. Channing, and became in 1813 pastor of the New North

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Church in Boston, an organization at that time, and later, Unitarian in its fellowships, but which in the process of subsequent changes has ceased to exist. The Rev. Francis Parkman is remembered at his alma mater as one of the founders of the professorship of pulpit eloquence and pastoral care in Harvard College, which of late years has borne the name of Parkman professorship, and there are extant sundry volumes of sermons and addresses which attest his possession of the traits this professorship was founded to cultivate. On the maternal side, young Parkman traced back to John Cotton, the most eminent of early Massachusetts divines.

Coming thus of a line in which culture and taste were inbred, it would have been a wonder if the boy Francis had not been a student and a writer; but Providence interfered in his behalf to give unforeseen direction to the particular type and quality of his mental development. The boy's childhood was frail. He was sent, therefore, to the country home of his maternal grandfather in Medford. The town was only twelve miles from Boston, but the house where for four years he was to live was close on the border of a wild and forest tract of ground known as the Middlesex Fells, as untamed and uninhabited a region for thousands of square acres as it had been two centuries before. Here from eight to twelve years of age he roamed the woods, chased the squirrel, snared the partridge, and, as he himself always recognized, began that acquaintanceship with nature which became so marked and delightful a part of his equipment for the tasks which lay before him. From this free life of unconscious schooling in the woods and fields, the boy passed in due time to the school since known as Chauncy Hall, and thence to college. He entered Harvard in 1840, at seventeen years of age. Already, to a very unusual degree, his path in letters was defined before him. His reading in the happy days of the Middlesex Fells and afterwards had been largely the stories of early New England settlements, with their romances and hardships of pioneer and Indian struggle; so that it is not, perhaps, strange that, by the time he had reached his sophomore year, the distinct design of writing the history of the French and Indian (or the "Seven Years'") war became clear within him, or that nearly all his after doings were made tributary to the purpose which—widened and developed in the process of fulfilment—became the dominant purpose of his life. One vacation of this college period was spent in canoeing and camping on the Magalloway River in the wilds of northern Maine—an account of which youthful excursion was printed twenty-three years afterwards in *Harper's Magazine* for November, 1864. Another of these vacations was similarly spent by him on the waters of Lake George and Lake Champlain, regions destined to afford the scene of so many dramatic passages in his graver histories.

An accident in the gymnasium, sustained by young Parkman in 1843, appeared, but only appeared, to threaten the onward progress of his special training for his special work. Rather, instead, it promoted it. To recover from his injury, he took a voyage to Europe, touching at Gibraltar and Malta, places full of the memories of that great world-encompassing struggle of which the conflicts along the Champlain and the St. Lawrence were only a part; and reaching Rome he made his lodging in a monastery of the Passionist Fathers. This brought him into personal contact with one of those great religious orders, hitherto known to him only in books, which the Catholic Church has for centuries found her most efficient instruments of missionary zeal, and the achievements of some of which were to find nowhere more brilliant or sympathetic delineation than in this young visitor's own pages. Returning from this voyage of instruction, not less than recuperation, Parkman reached home in time to graduate with his class in 1844.

For some parts of the next two years Mr. Parkman studied law, but his destiny was too strong for him, and the spring of 1846 found him with his kinsman, Quincy Adams Shaw, at St. Louis, setting out for a tour of observation among the Indians of the Rocky Mountains. The tide of emigration had just begun to flow towards Oregon and California. Gold had not yet been discovered on the latter coast, but good land had, and the Mormons, driven out of Illinois, and other settlers were pressing towards a New West beyond the great hills. More or less in the line with these companies, the two college youths of Boston journeyed part of the distance across the plains, then, cutting loose, spent the rest of the summer in the camps of the Sioux Indians in the wild regions traversed by multitudinous buffalo between the Platte and the Arkansas and around the Black Hills of Dakota. Here they lived with the roving Indians, sleeping in their tents, eating with them out of their bowls, accompanying them on their hunts, listening to their legends, and witnessing their incantations and worship, and obtained an acquaintance with Indian character and manners invaluable to the destined delineator of occurrences in which the Indian share is so conspicuous a feature. This experience, however, cost the adventurer dear, and came near costing him his life. His exposure, in the absence of medical aid, and the possibility of needed rest, brought on prostrating illness, from the enervating effects of which he suffered throughout his life. The summer, however, gave him the materials for his first published volume. Printed originally as a series of sketches in the *Knickerbocker Magazine* under the title of "The Oregon Trail," the papers were at once gathered into a book issued in 1847 with a title somewhat changed by the publisher; but the change was rectified by the author in several of the later editions, the ninth of which was published in 1892. The story is graphic and interesting; doubly so as being not only a vivid and obviously truthful narration of the scenes and experiences depicted, but as a delineation of scenes and experiences impossible now for any one to repeat. The careful reader discerns, however, the hand of the youthful writer of twenty-three rather than the hand of the master of later years.

This summer's episode over, Mr. Parkman addressed himself to his self-imposed undertaking, selecting as the work to be first performed that which was really latest in historic sequence—the dramatic and stirring scenes of the dying struggle of French and English warfare on this continent, delineated in the two volumes published in 1851, entitled 'The Conspiracy of Pontiac.' He said in his preface to this first instalment of his great historic series:

"It is evident that other study than that of the closet is indispensable to success in such an attempt. Habits of early reading had greatly aided to prepare me for the task, but necessary knowledge of a more practical kind had been supplied by the indulgence of a strong natural taste, which at various intervals led me to the wild regions of the north and west. Here, by the camp-fire or in the canoe, I gained familiar acquaintance with the men and the scenery of the wilderness."

But the "closet study" is evident no less. How conscientious it was, and under what difficulties it was performed, is indicated in this further passage from the same preface, which, because it represents the method and the limitations of substantially his whole lifetime's work, may well be quoted:

"The most troublesome part of the task was the collection of the necessary documents. These consisted of letters, journals, reports, and despatches, scattered among numerous public offices in Europe and America. When brought together they amounted to about 3,400 manuscript pages. Contemporary newspapers, magazines, and pamphlets have also been examined, and careful search made for every book which, directly or indirectly, might throw light upon the subject. . . . For about three years the light of day was insupportable, and every attempt at reading or writing completely debarred. Under these circumstances the task of sifting the materials and composing the work was begun and finished. The papers were repeatedly read aloud by an amanuensis, copious notes and extracts were made, and the narrative written down from my dictation. This process, though extremely slow and laborious, was not without its advantages; and I am well convinced the authorities have been more minutely examined, more scrupulously collated, and more thoroughly digested than they would have been under other circumstances."

It was under conditions so adverse that the book was written which Mr. John Fiske has pronounced "one of the most brilliant and fascinating books that have been written since the days of Herodotus."

The condition of Mr. Parkman's health, however, made a period of comparative repose imperatively necessary. Having in 1850 married Catherine, daughter of Dr. Jacob Bigelow of Boston, he purchased in 1854 a small property on the shore of Jamaica Pond in the township of that name, and turned his immediate attention to gardening. The tastes inherited from his grandfather Samuel here found ample scope for development. He cultivated roses and paid special attention to the hybridization of flowers, originating thus several new varieties, one of which, of the lily family—his entire stock whereof was purchased by a Scotch gentleman-gardener—is known to botany as *Lilium Parkmanni*. Solicited to give others some of the fruits of his own experience in floriculture, he published at a later period (1866) a volume entitled 'The Book of Roses.' His interests in gardening, developed thus at the Jamaica home, ultimately found recognition in his election to the presidency of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, and to his occupancy for two years of a professorship in Bussey Institute, the agricultural department of Harvard University. An episode of the earlier portion of this Jamaica residence was the publication, in 1856, of his only venture in fiction, the novel 'Vassall Morton,' a book whose success was not such as to encourage, even had he desired, a successor. Two years later than this, in 1858, a shadow fell over his home in the death of his wife, leaving behind her two little daughters. Partly to change the scene, but more to prosecute the work which his partially recovered health had now made feasible, he went the same year to Europe to collect material in the French, Spanish, and English archives for his future volumes. By this time, too, his plan had widened beyond the boyhood conception of a history of the Seven Years' war to a narration of the whole great struggle for territorial supremacy in this country of two opposing nationalities, civilizations, religions, under the one general title, "France and England in North America." This journey to Europe in 1858 was followed by others in 1868, 1872, 1880, and 1881 on the same errand.

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The first fruit of this widened plan of historical narrative was given to the press in 1865 in the volume 'Pioneers of France in the New World,' setting forth the attempts toward colonial establishment by that nation in Florida, Acadia, and along the St. Lawrence. Two years later (1867) followed 'The Jesuits in North America,' a thrilling narrative of the heroic missionary labors undertaken in association with French civil enterprise in behalf of the Indians of Canada and the lake regions of New York. The volume 'The Discovery of the Great West' came in 1869, narrating the romantic efforts of La Salle, Marquette, and Hennepin to explore and take possession of the Mississippi and Great Lake regions of the far West and Northwest. This volume was succeeded, in 1874, by 'The Old Régime in Canada,' treating of the period 1653-1680 in Canada, and setting forth the efforts and failures of paternalism in government, and absolutism in religion, on the part of well-intentioned sovereigns and self-sacrificing ecclesiastics. 'Count Frontenac and New France, under Louis XIV.'—the story of the knightly soldier "under whom occurred the first serious collision of the rival powers, and the opening of the grand scheme of military occupation by which France strove to envelop and hold in check the industrial populations of the English colonies"—came next, in 1877. This was succeeded, in 1884, by 'Montcalm and Wolfe,' narrating in dramatic and affluent detail the later scenes and the tragic close of the long struggle of French and English diplomacy and arms on American soil, some passages of which had been more briefly touched upon in 'The Conspiracy of Pontiac,' published thirty-three years previously, but whose proper place in the series is at this point. To this was added, in 1892, 'A Half Century of Conflict,' announced as completing his historical series on "France and England in North America." This volume takes up the narrative at the close of 'Count Frontenac,' and fills in the gap between that volume and 'Montcalm and Wolfe,' being the story of the period from 1700 to the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle.

These seven works in nine volumes, to which must be added in their proper place the two volumes of 'Pontiac's Conspiracy,' constitute Mr. Parkman's contribution to American history; and a magnificent contribution it has been. For originality of investigation, fidelity of statement, fairness of treatment of conflicting interests, and for chaste excellence of literary style, these volumes are unsurpassed, nay, unequalled, by those of any other writer of American annals. Some of the most vivid and beautiful passages of nature description anywhere to be found illuminate Mr. Parkman's pages. Mr. Parkman had a magnificent opportunity, but no advantage of subject or material could have availed but for the rich personal endowment he brought to his work: his poet's eye, his tireless industry, his scrupulous honesty, his absolute sincerity and sanity of mind and heart.

Mr. Parkman was a not infrequent contributor to periodical literature, writing several articles for the *Christian Examiner*, and a dozen or more each for the *Atlantic Monthly* and the *North American Review*, and he was a generous friend and contributor to the *Nation*. An article in the *North American* in 1878, upon "The Failure of Universal Suffrage," is interesting in itself and as shedding light on the personal attitude of the writer towards more than one tendency of modern society. In a similar spirit Mr. Parkman published, in 1883, a pamphlet entitled 'Some of the Reasons against Woman Suffrage.' But though writing thus occasionally, and when he did trenchantly, upon some phases of current affairs, Mr. Parkman's mind dwelt in the regions of his chosen work, an interesting token of which was the fulfilment of a promise to the *Atlantic Monthly*, said to have been made long years ago, in publishing during the present year a serial paper upon "The Feudal Knights of Acadia." More than fifty years of literary activity upon substantially one theme thus marked the life of Mr. Parkman. Always interested in the Massachusetts Historical Society, and one of its most distinguished members, he put, several years ago, into its safekeeping thirty-five volumes of manuscripts gathered by him in the prosecution of his work.

In personal appearance Mr. Parkman was distinctly noticeable. He was about five feet eleven in height, square-shouldered and firm-set. He had a strong, clear-cut face, always closely shaved, with a chin and jaw of marked vigor of outline. His forehead was rugged and broad; the whole carriage and expression was that of a modest but resolute man, capable, spite of whatever drawbacks and infirmities, of hard work and the persistent prosecution of difficult undertakings. His physical suffering and disability never seemed to abate his powers of research or mar the sweetness of his temper. He belonged, like Lowell, to a generation of Boston littérateurs who never forgot that they were gentlemen as well as literary men, and upheld under all circumstances the tradition of personal dignity which came down from an earlier generation. He was a rather shy-mannered man, yet in no sense a recluse; fond of boating, horseback riding, and not averse to genial society, as his six-years' presidency of St. Botolph's Club in Boston bears witness. His increasing infirmities of late years more and more withdrew him from the social life of that city, but nobody who ever saw him in the serene simplicity of his own home will readily forget the charm of that gracious and patient presence.

After the death of his wife, Mr. Parkman was accustomed to pass his summers at his house by Jamaica Pond, and to spend his winters in the companionship of his sister at No. 50 Chestnut Street, Boston, on the western slope of Beacon Hill. Here, in the top story of the house, he had his study, and kept most of his books and papers. His daughters survive and are married. With one of them, whose home is in Portsmouth, N. H., he had of late been accustomed to spend considerable time. He was from 1868 to 1871 one of the Board of Overseers of Harvard College and from 1875 to 1888 one of the Fellows of its corporation. He received its degree of LL.D. in 1889; the same degree having previously been conferred on him by McGill University in Canada, in 1879, and by Williams College in 1885.

JOWETT AND MANCHESTER COLLEGE.

OXFORD, October 27, 1893.

THREE weeks ago to-day in Balliol College and at St. Sepulchre's, on the 6th of October, the funeral of the late Prof. Jowett took place. Hundreds were in the chapel and followed thence to the grave, while thousands assembled in the streets. Touching and memorable though this ceremonial was, and although a characteristic discourse was subsequently delivered by the Bishop of London (Temple), yet the frequent allusions to the late Master, the invocations as it were of his generous spirit which have marked several recent and important academic acts, speak even more eloquently of the marvellous power for good which he exercised while living and which lives on in his memory.

At the conference upon secondary education—the first ever held at either university—which took place here on the 9th and 10th instants, Prof. Jebb read a letter from him giving views upon *abiturienten-examinations* to take the place of university matriculation tests, and containing in outline a scheme for granting university degrees without residence. In the place of what the Master would himself have said had he been spared to take part in the conference, an interesting paper was given by the president of Magdalen. Three days later, on the first day of term (October 14), the new Anatomical Building was formally opened by the vice-chancellor. In this assemblage of representative men of science, as in the previous meeting of representative teachers and professors, the catholic mind of the lamented Master was devoutly remembered. Prof. Burdon Sanderson spoke of the late Master's strong feeling that Oxford must not only produce scholars, mathematicians, statesmen, and men of action, but also men who were to take a foremost place in natural science and in the application of natural science to medicine. He added that at a time when he himself felt much less sanguine than at present, Prof. Jowett used to say in his quiet way: "The school of medical science in Oxford will succeed." On October 18 came the formal opening of the new buildings of Manchester College. During these interesting ceremonies, which lasted two days, mention of the late Master was constantly recurring. When "Manchester" removed to Oxford in 1889, he was among those who gave it the most cordial reception. He had promised to be present when it entered its new and permanent Oxford domicile, and, "although no speaker," to propose a welcoming toast in its honor. He was the friend of every movement tending to widen the horizon and enlarge the usefulness of the university, and so he could not but welcome to Oxford the two Nonconformist establishments of Mansfield and Manchester. As Prof. Nichol has eloquently said of him, "He did not confer favors; kindness flowed from him like wine from grapes."

Mansfield College set the example which Manchester College followed of transferring its establishment to Oxford, and a pupil of Dr. Jowett's who stayed with him in 1887 has often spoken of the delight his host took in guiding him to a point from which a view of the beautiful buildings of Mansfield, then newly completed, could be obtained. At that moment no building in Oxford had more importance in the Master's eyes than Mansfield, the newest of them all. Transference to Oxford in the case of these two institutions has not involved their legal incorporation in the University, which they remain as independent of as they were when established at Birmingham and Manchester respectively. Their status here is as nearly as possible that of the Episcopalian Divinity School in the American Cambridge, while the Harvard Divinity School stands relatively in the position of the Oxford theological faculty. Thus it will be seen that similar causes, working upon minds of widely divergent theological views in England and America, have resulted in the establishment of an Episcopalian School of Divinity at Harvard and of a Congregational college at Oxford, which has been speedily followed thither by Manchester College. This last, though, like the Harvard Divinity School, it emphatically disclaims exclusive adherence to

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any sect, has been for many years and still is under Unitarian management.

On Tuesday, the 18th instant, the President, the Principal, and the Committee of Manchester College, followed by their guests from Oxford colleges and by various delegates, approached the new building, which was formally handed over. Its most successful and remarkable features are the library and the chapel—rooms of uncommonly fine proportions. The company proceeded immediately to the library, where they listened with bated breath to the letter in which the Master of Balliol promised to be present. This was followed by President Eliot's letter accrediting Dr. Everett, Dean of the Harvard Divinity School, as the Harvard delegate. The Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster (until lately professor at Oxford), Mr. James Bryce, wrote "as one of those who worked for the abolition of tests twenty-five years ago, and who have since striven to make the two ancient universities more generally accessible and useful to the nation." He claimed that Mansfield and Manchester brought much to Oxford, as an offset for the advantage to be derived by the clergy of the unestablished churches from an education "under the shadow of our venerable walls and amid the enobling influences which Oxford is so well fitted to inspire." Mr. H. R. Greg, the president, sketched briefly the past of Manchester College, which in its present shape went back one hundred years, and could be traced in some form nearly to the date of the Act of Uniformity, 1662. The college had always maintained "its original principle of freely imparting theological knowledge without insisting upon the adoption of particular doctrines." This undenominational position was, he said, "at once their excuse, and their strength, and their hope of final success," now that they had come to Oxford and were placed "for the first time in the full glare of light and criticism." When Principal Drummond, the resident head, arose to speak for the teaching staff and the students, there was pathos in his unaffected and unresentful allusion to former days when the college suffered persecution. From this topic thus treated he passed on to say, with a sincerity which was memorable, that the building was "almost more sumptuous than is needed for those who can only look forward to a life of comparative poverty, and who will always consider it their highest glory to deny themselves, and to endure laborious days, that they may benefit their fellow-men in the spirit of Him who had not where to lay His head."

The sermon preached at the dedication of the chapel by Dr. Dowson contained notable references to the late Master of Balliol. The welcome extended to "Manchester" by him was, the preacher said, "more than a message of good will," it was an incentive and served to point out new opportunities. The college was a theological college pure and simple, its undergraduate course existing no longer. This change was intended to leave the way open for culture under the best conditions, especially at the ancient seats of learning now for a quarter of a century accessible to students of every religious persuasion. The welcome that the revered Master of Balliol was ready to give them for the second time, and that of others in Oxford, brought the college into contact with something wider than even their own broadest and freest traditions. "Face to face with the University of Oxford," they were "in the presence of a larger life than any found within their walls."

After these ceremonies and speeches, the most remarkable utterances of the occasion were undoubtedly those of Principal Drummond and of the veteran Dr. James Martineau, which came on the second and closing day. Dr. Drummond's opening address was a luminous and scholarly picture of the play of religious opinions since the Reformation, and the resulting political proceedings so far as Nonconformists were involved. "With all its shortcomings, Puritanism," he said, "was one of the grandest uprisings of the human soul that this world had known. Never had religion been more real. Never, as Milton has testified, had the love of virtue been implanted more deeply in the human breast." The Principal spoke of the Corporation Act, by which dissenters were driven from public life; of "the Act of Uniformity passed by a majority of six, which was considered amply sufficient for trampling on the rights of an adverse party, and before which the Lords, who had wiser views of statesmanship and a higher sense of the obligation of public faith, withdrew their objections." Here many of the audience could not help thinking of a recent majority of thirty-odd before which the Lords have not withdrawn their objections. But there was evidently no thought of such an allusion in the speaker's mind, for he was thinking of "pious and faithful ancestors" of Frankland who, against persecution and in spite of legislation, founded the academy out of which Manchester Academy and College finally grew. Owing to the changes which time had brought about, it was necessary, he said, to emphasize the fact that the college was designed to be, and for considerably more than half a century actually was, a general school of higher education. When Queen's College at Manchester, with far wider means, arose to undertake the general and preparatory education, Manchester College confined itself more and more to theology. Its removal to London was "that this general work might be done for it by University College." "Gradually the class of Nonconformist laymen who used to go up to London to study at University College turned their faces toward the more ancient cities of learning, and the same reasons which prevailed on the trustees to sanction the removal to London seemed to point to a new and final removal to Oxford."

This "new and final removal" has taken place; "Manchester New College" has shortened its name to Manchester College, and is firmly established at Oxford. What Manchester College, Oxford, proposes to do can be easily learned from a speech by Dr. James Martineau, who, in spite of his eighty-nine years, seemed still to be "spoiling for an argument," and who made every point with unwavering keenness and unfailing zest. Speaking at the banquet after the whole opening ceremonial was over, he maintained that in this country the principle of Manchester College was absolutely unique in respect of the teaching of theology. If not, he would like to hear of any other institution that had such teaching in the same sense and carried it out to the same extent. He further maintained that a fixed theology was utterly impossible in a progressive society. Men must choose between a scientific theology and a progressive society on the one hand, or, if they preferred a fixed theology, they must reduce or limit the progress of society. If Manchester College was to have free teaching and free learning, it must be open to the students to accept what they were taught or to reject it, and they were not to expect to have a body of teachers turned out all with the same faith and bound to perform their clerical duties within the limits of the same church. In spite of the breezy vigor that enlivened Dr. Martineau's speech, the same sense of loss was upon him which underlay the cordial remarks made earlier by Sir William Markby. Sir William spoke for his departed friend, the late Master of Balliol. Dr. Martineau referred to the beloved Master and to the long friendship that had subsisted between them.

In closing, some notice may fitly be taken of the strong sympathy and great help given by the late Prof. Jowett to those who have succeeded in establishing services in Oxford according to the Jewish rite. The reason why every one interested in enlarging the limits of Oxford life always turned, and never in vain, to the late Master, may still be found by going to his writings, and was well expressed by Canon Ainger when he said, in a recent university sermon: "Whether he was writing of St. Paul or of Plato, whether in sermon or in comment, the reader feels himself breathing the bracing atmosphere of righteousness." Mr. Oswald Simon has done well to remind us, in an account of the late Prof. Jowett which appeared in the *Jewish Chronicle* (October 6), of the beauty and inspiration in the Master's incomparable introduction to the 'Phædo,' which contains wonderful words concerning the immortality of the soul:

"First of all there is the thought of rest and freedom from pain; they have gone home, as the common saying is, and the cares of this world touch them no more. Secondly, we may imagine them at their best and brightest, humbly fulfilling their daily round of duties, selfless, childlike, unaffected by the world; when the eye was single and the whole body seemed to be full of light; when the mind was clear and saw into the purposes of God. Thirdly, we may think of them as possessed by a great love of God and man, working out his will at a further stage in the heavenly pilgrimage."

These words may be regarded as a part of his last message to all his friends, since he wrote them in these later years, and they are to be found only in his last edition of the translation of Plato to which he gave so much of his life.

LOUIS DYER.

GENERAL THIÉBAULT.

PARIS, October 24, 1893.

THE success of the memoirs published, a few years since, on the period of the Revolution and of the First Empire, and especially of the memoirs of Gen. Marbot, has drawn out of their hiding-places many memoirs which perhaps had better have remained for ever in the obscurity of family archives. The publisher, Plon, has resuscitated some people who had no notoriety in their lifetime, and who did not deserve the honor of resurrection. Still, there is always, in my opinion, something worth attention in reality; there are always, to use the vulgar expression, some plums in a pudding. It is difficult to imagine a man more devoid of the qualities of an historian than Gen. Baron Thiébault, whose memoirs are just now published by his daughter, Mlle. Claire Thiébault; or more devoid also of the qualities of a writer. The name of Thiébault was quite unfamiliar; but so was, though perhaps not to the same degree, the name of Gen. Marbot. This last name will now for ever be associated with the history of Napoleon. What will be the fate of Gen. Thiébault? We cannot yet say exactly, as we have only the first volume of his memoirs, which extends from 1769 to 1795, and I have been told that there will be three other volumes. There is a law of development in man,

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as there is in a plant; the Thiébault of later years most probably improved upon the Thiébault of this first volume, in which he appears the very type of what we call a *gobe-mouche*—the man who has not the slightest critical faculty in his nature, who is open to every impression, without the power to analyze them, or to choose among the multiplicity of impressions what is worth remembering.

I confess having been discouraged by the first chapters of Thiébault's memoirs; they seemed to me so vapid, so futile. Still, the circumstances of the author's early years were interesting in themselves. He was born in Berlin, December 14, 1769; his father, Dieudonné Thiébault, was professor of French at the military school of Berlin founded by the great Frederick, and a member of the Academy of Berlin. The elder Thiébault remained twenty years in the capital of Prussia, and his 'Souvenirs de vingt ans de séjour à Berlin,' published in 1804, are among the valuable documents which concern the reign of Frederick II. The son was educated in a Prussian military and philosophical atmosphere; his greatest amusements were the grand reviews of the Tempelhof, the autumn manœuvres at Gesundbrunnen:

"Imagine," says he, "36,000 superb soldiers, and among them the regiment of giants, which was the regiment of the Guards; the gendarmes, with their scarlet uniforms; the hussars of death, a body of 2,000 men. . . . Add to this magnificent and moving spectacle the presence of a King placed by his genius and his exploits at the head of the philosophers, the legislators, and the warriors of his time, and followed by a crowd of officers of all the countries of Europe, who came to render him homage and to instruct themselves at these reviews; surround him with illustrious generals, formed in his school; represent to yourselves his white hair, which recalled and ennobled forty years of glory; and you will conceive that there was no bound to my admiration."

The anecdotes which Thiébault tells of Berlin and its society are not all interesting. I note one which concerns Voltaire. Those who have read his correspondence all know his quarrels with Maupertuis. Somebody was trying to reconcile the two philosophers, whom Frederick had called to his court, and said to Voltaire, at the end of a long remonstrance: "Don't you feel what, in your position, two Frenchmen owe to each other?" Voltaire rose from his chair, and burst out: "Two Frenchmen! Know you, sir, that if two Frenchmen met at the extremities of the world, it would be necessary for one to eat the other; it is the law of nature."

Dieudonné Thiébault, seeing Frederick growing very old, and knowing that his successor would remain a stranger to art and literature, resolved in 1784 to leave Berlin. He sold his library, under pretext of making a profitable investment, and sent secretly all his money to Paris. He took his family with him, and, travelling by short stages, arrived in Paris at the end of the year. Animal magnetism had become the ruling passion, and, when Dieudonné Thiébault asked for a leave of absence from Berlin, he not only had for his object to settle his family in France, he wished to try magnetism on one of his daughters, who was deaf, and whose deafness had resisted all the treatment tried in Germany. Thiébault gives us an elaborate description of Mesmer's famous *baquet*, and has very wild stories about the effects of magnetism and about its adepts. The stories are mixed up with the first impressions which young Thiébault received from the events that preceded and prepared the French Revolution. The chapters which relate to his father's acquaintances and his own might have been suppressed without inconvenience. Thiébault becomes really interesting only when he begins to be involved in the great revolutionary drama.

If we had to make headings to his chapters, we should call one "How a Quiet Citizen Becomes a Revolutionist." Thiébault was enjoying himself at a picnic with a number of people in the forest of Vincennes on the 12th of July, when his father arrived with a friend. He was dancing a contradance, and his father allowed it to come to an end, when he told his son that Paris was in full insurrection, that the barriers of the city were guarded by the people, that nobody could go in or out; that the busts of the Duke of Orleans and of M. Necker were carried in the streets, that blood had already been shed. A revolution during a quadrille! What was to be done? Dieudonné Thiébault held a Government office; he was in what was called the Direction of the *Librairie*, being lodged by the State in the Garde-Meuble (now the Ministry of the Navy, in the Place de la Concorde). The journey from Vincennes to the Garde-Meuble was not an easy one; it was eleven o'clock at night when the father and the son arrived after having been arrested and cross-examined several times by sentries. On the morning of the 13th all Paris belonged to the insurgents; the Arsenal had been searched by the people, and it was announced that some patriots were marching on the Garde-Meuble, where there was a depot of arms. The elder Thiébault had only time to take his family, his money, and his papers to the house of a friend when the Garde-Meuble was invaded. Meanwhile a municipality was organized; the sixty districts of Paris convoked their inhabitants and armed them. Such was the origin of the national guard of Paris, which soon numbered nearly 100,000 men. Each district had its battalion. On the evening of the 13th, Paris was illuminated, and, on the 14th, young Thiébault bought a tricolor cockade. He was wandering through Paris when he met a troop of 500 men. A friend of his, who was in its ranks, told him they were going to take the guns of the *invalides;* young Thiébault felt a sudden impulse and joined the assailants. It is useless to say that the poor old *invalides* did not offer much resistance.

"Such was," says Thiébault, "the first expedition in which I took part—an expedition which had not much that was military in it, but which made me an actor in one of those circumstances when force is mightier than right. Forty-eight hours before, I little thought of disarming the *invalides*. This is a proof of the commotion which was taking place in all ideas and positions; my zeal was so much inflamed that from that time there was not at the Feuillants a more ardent soldier than myself."

Lafayette had to occupy himself with the organization of the national guard of Paris; he was its commander-in-chief, and formed as many as six divisions of ten battalions each. Among these companies, there were some which had as many as 1,200 to 1,500 men. This national guard, which was by no means a contemptible force, elected its own officers. Young Thiébault was, as a national guardsman, mixed up with the events of the 5th of October. He became a sergeant of the company of grenadiers of his section and entered upon his functions with a truly military spirit; he played his part, in his fine uniform, in the famous feast of the Federation. Once when on guard at the Tuileries, he saw Louis XVI. walking in the garden.

"When he reached the little door of the passage which led through the Convent of the Feuillants from the Place Vendôme to the Tuileries and from there to the Constituent Assembly, a young lady was coming out with a pretty young spaniel, which approached the King. As soon as the lady recognized the King, she hastened to recall her dog, and made a deep bow; at once the dog turned round to join his mistress, but Louis XVI., who had in his hand an enormous cane, broke the back of the dog with it, and, while the lady screamed and wept as the poor beast was expiring, the King continued his promenade, enchanted with what he had just done, and laughing as a big peasant would have done."

Thiébault was scandalized, and nobody will wonder at it. I believe that, even at the present time, dogs are not allowed in the garden of the Tuileries; at any rate, this was the case not long ago. But it is difficult and painful to think of Louis XVI. as a "tueur de chiens."

Thiébault became a member of the "Club of the Constitution," having among his colleagues Mirabeau, the brothers Lameth, Barnave, the Prince de Broglie, the Duc de Chartres, who became Louis-Philippe. Thiébault's memoirs show us all the transformations of the French mind at the beginning of the Revolution. See, for instance, what he says on hearing of the flight of the King: "I jump from my bed, and open my window on hearing the drum beating. I hear the screams, 'The King is gone, the King is gone!' repeated from mouth to mouth. This clandestine departure gave a chief to the emigration; it deprived France of one of its guarantees; it could not, as far as the parties were concerned, do otherwise than push everything to extremes and excite civil war." The news of the flight of the King filled everybody with anxiety; it was felt first that the sovereigns of Europe had nothing more to restrain them, and that they could march their armies against France without fearing to injure the royal family. The capture of Louis XVI. and his return to Paris, as a prisoner, did not improve the situation; the King was no longer a King, and France was like a ship without a compass. Thiébault's father lost his situation, and the Garde-Meuble, where he lived, became the Ministry of the Navy. He accepted an office in the provinces, and left Paris for Épinal, in the Vosges.

Thiébault himself, after a short journey to the Vosges, returned to Paris and continued to do service in the national guard. He describes the invasion of the Tuileries on the 10th of August. This famous day was "the definitive triumph of crime and assassination"; and Thiébault adds that the Revolution ceased to be the Revolution which he had intended to serve. The national guard had to change its uniform: the grenadiers changed theirs for a miserable *Carmagnole* and a bad hat with a cockade. Thiébault felt almost dishonored, and we shall see him now in a new character. The massacres of September became for him, with the 10th of August, a sort of turning-point: "those September days, the most hideous of the Revolution, made on me an indescribable impression." He was now brought face to face with terrible facts and realities, and from that moment his memoirs become more serious, more important, as he soon had to exchange his uniform of a civic guard for the uniform of a soldier.

Correspondence.

GRANT AND RAWLINS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: All candid students of Rebellion history will thank you for your recent review of Piatt

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and Boynton's 'Life of Gen. George H. Thomas.' I have neither purchased nor read the work referred to, nor do I propose to do so, but enough quotations appear in your article to show that time and experience have not cured the constitutional perversity of these authors.

In your review, the now celebrated letter written by Gen. Rawlins at midnight in the trenches at Vicksburgh is adverted to. It is a momentous document from a subordinate to his commander. Not the least among Gen. Grant's claims to greatness is the fact that he selected Rawlins and kept him where he was, and allowed him to write such a letter and profited by its admonitions. You say justly that the letter bears internal evidence that Gen. Grant did not indulge in the habit of drinking to the extent of injuring the cause he served. While this is true, I wish to add that Gen. Rawlins himself, of record, certified to the same effect. When the latter went East in 1864 to assume the duties of chief of staff to the commander of the United States armies, he left many of his papers in the care of his neighbor and friend, Gen. John E. Smith of Galena, Ill., the first colonel of the celebrated "Lead Mine Regiment," who by genuine military talent and personal worth attained the position of brigadier and brevet major-general during the war. The same qualities preserved for him the friendship of Generals Grant and Rawlins till their death. Gen. Smith now resides in Chicago, a colonel upon the retired list of the regular army. The very fact that he was the depositary selected by Gen. Rawlins for his private papers indicates his nearness to the "chief of staff"; and all who know him will justify such confidence. I have seen, read, and copied this letter, all of which is in the handwriting of Gen. Rawlins. Upon the back of it is an endorsement in the same handwriting, as follows:

"This is an exact copy of a letter to the person addressed, and delivered at its date about four miles from our headquarters in rear of Vicksburgh. Its admonitions were heeded, and all went well. RAWLINS."

This proves conclusively that, at some subsequent time to the date of the letter, and before May 1, 1864, Gen. Rawlins asserted, with his own pen and under his own signature, that Gen. Grant did not drink during such period. It proves, also, that while all men may not be liars, some are.—Very respectfully,

L. B. CROOKER.

MENDOTA, ILL., November 6, 1893.

MR. QUINCY AND THE PRESIDENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Is there no other side to the question discussed in your editorial on page 338 of this week's issue? Mr. Maxwell was not noted as a spoilsman before his appointment, was he? Did Mr. Dayton declare his preference for Tammany men until after his confirmation? Was Mr. Quincy the citizen recognized as a fit successor of Higgins the official?

The last case requires more than a passing word, for Mr. Cleveland came into the very holy of holies of the civil-service-reform gospel and called Mr. Quincy, theretofore a professor of the faith. Is the evangelist responsible for every backslider? Mr. Cleveland could hardly know intuitively what few people have learned, even here in his home, that Mr. Quincy is weak as cold. He took him at face value, without "ringing" him, and was deceived. Since June surely the President's time has been fully occupied with matters of more importance than Maxwell and Dayton, or even Quincy.

In a word, cannot the harm done by Mr. Quincy's treachery to the cause of civil-service reform be more quickly remedied by putting him, where he belongs, with the Hills, Sheehans, Platts, and Murphys, than by charging all the "false doctrine, heresy, and schism" to the President's account? Give the devil his due and start a column for Mr. Quincy. H.

UNIVERSITY CLUB, BOSTON, November 9, 1893.

ADMISSION TO SOUTHERN COLLEGES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The two articles on the above subject that have appeared in recent numbers of the *Nation* open a chapter of Southern educational history which affords us no room for boasting. The general inferiority of college training in the South is clear, and it can hardly be claimed that the signs of improvement are many or marked. The tabulated statements of your correspondent from New Orleans tell their own story, but the saddest part is that even the published requirements are upheld in very few colleges with any degree of strictness. A few words of conversation between the professor and student are often considered sufficient to determine the class of the applicant, and it usually makes but little difference whether the published requirements have been complied with or not. The vagueness of statement that is frequently met with in the published requirements of Southern colleges differs materially from the growing tendency visible in Northern institutions towards indefiniteness in the prescribed requirements for admission to college. The one is the vagueness of chaos, the other the brevity of conceded facts. A simple card with the inscription "At home" may be sufficient to bring together in New York a brilliant gathering of men and women with shining silks and flashing pins, but this effect could hardly be produced by so simple a means in Zululand. The published requirements of Harvard in Latin, to wit, "The translation at sight of average passages from Cicero and Virgil, with questions," may be plain enough for Boston, but such words would be understood very differently a few degrees nearer the equator.

The only hope for Southern education is that the colleges may in some way be brought together, and may come to some agreement as to the amount necessary for admission to the freshman class. Then schools would spring up to do the necessary work, and improvement in every grade of instruction might be confidently expected. For this reason the suggestion of Mr. Harrington that there be formed a Southern Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools is most timely and commendable. The way is being prepared for such an association by State organizations, such as the one that has existed in North Carolina for two years. I am glad to say that Tennessee is not behind North Carolina in this respect. Six years ago, through the efforts of Vanderbilt University, an association of this kind was formed in this State, and the last annual meeting has just been held at Bellbuckle. Only five of the colleges in the State have taken an active part in this work, and it cannot be claimed that any decided effect has as yet been produced in the elevation of standard or in securing unanimity of requirements. On the schools, however, the effect has been more marked. Every year new schools apply for membership, and their masters show an earnest desire to bring their work into harmony with the requirements of the best college of their section. If the best colleges of the South could unite in a larger association of this kind, great good would undoubtedly result. Even weaker colleges would soon see that it would pay them to elevate their standard, to cut off preparatory classes, or, if such work must be done, to turn it over to a preparatory school wholly distinct from the regular college organization.

The experience of Vanderbilt University for the past six years has demonstrated beyond a doubt that, even with the present lack of training-schools, it is possible for an institution to maintain strict requirements for entrance. How much easier would this be if several or all of the leading colleges of the South would unite and stand together in the demands made on the schools. The responsibility in this matter rests on the stronger colleges, on those that have some endowment or derive their income from State appropriations. The weaker institutions, which are largely dependent on their tuition fees for support, will make no further advance than is forced upon them by the pressure of public opinion and the odium of comparison.

J. H. KIRKLAND.

VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY,
NASHVILLE, TENN, November 6, 1893.

CONUNDRUM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Part VII. of Murray's Dictionary seems to afford the derivation of the word *conundrum*, though the editor fails to notice it. As he says, there is evidence that it is an Oxford word, and he gives the following from Bedell, 1651:

"These *conimbrums*, whether Reall or Nominall, went down with Erasmus like chopt hay."

There surely can be no doubt what this word is. The reference to realists and nominalists shows that something in the scholastic philosophy is referred to; and "conimbrum" is easily recognized as meaning *argumentum Conimbricum*. The doctors of Coimbra, in their celebrated commentaries published in the sixteenth century, have in all cases a great deal to say of the "multiplex significatio" of one word and another. Indeed, such remarks are their great weapon. They used it for all it was worth, and a little more. Accordingly, a dealer in verbal quibbles might naturally have been called by Oxford students a *Conimbricus*, and his quillet *Conimbricum argumentum*. The original *c*, which this hypothesis requires, is preserved in another old form of the word, "conuncrum." *Conimbrica* was in the sixteenth century the most usual Latin form of the name Coimbra, though Conimbria is also common. Colimbria was obsolete.

C. S. P.

Notes.

IT is now announced by his publishers, Macmillan & Co., that Prof. Goldwin Smith will, on his return from England, take up the foreshadowed second volume of his political history of the United States; but he has also in preparation for the press a book of essays setting forth his well-known and often unpopular views on questions of the day, such as the Jewish question, the Irish question, woman suffrage, prohibition, etc. The same firm have

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nearly ready a new rhymed translation of Dante's 'Divine Comedy,' by George Musgrave.

Harper & Bros. make a holiday book of 'The Masters and Masterpieces of Engraving,' by Willis O. Chapin, illustrated with sixty examples from Dürer to representative American engravers; also of Charles A. Platt's 'Italian Gardens,' with many additions to the cuts which accompanied Mr. Platt's articles in *Harper's Magazine;* and finally of Charles Reade's 'The Cloister and the Hearth,' in two volumes, with 550 illustrations by William Martin Johnson.

Holiday editions of 'Poems of Nature,' selected from Bryant, with nearly a hundred "pictorial accompaniments" designed by Paul de Longpré, and of 'Picciola,' similarly treated by another French artist, J. F. Gueldry, are to be brought out by D. Appleton & Co. They will publish immediately 'The Brontës in Ireland,' by Dr. William Wright, with many illustrations.

Dodd, Mead & Co. are preparing a new edition, the fifth, of Mr. H. W. Mabie's volumes, 'My Study Fire,' 'Under the Trees and Elsewhere,' 'Short Studies in Literature,' and 'Essays in Literary Interpretation.' These have all been revised and added to, and each volume will contain three photogravures and be attractively bound. For the manufacture, recourse has been had to the press of J. M. Dent & Co., England.

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce 'Social England,' a record of popular progress from the earliest times to the present, edited in six volumes by H. D. Traill, D.C.L.; 'The Religion of a Literary Man,' by Richard Le Gallienne; 'James Henry Chapin of Connecticut,' a study by George Sumner Weaver, D.D.; and 'Wah-Kee-Nah, and Her People,' a study of the customs, traditions, and legends of the North American Indians, by Gen. James C. Strong.

Six doctors of divinity at least have collaborated in the volume about to be issued by Hunt & Eaton, bearing the title 'Anti-Higher Criticism.'

'The Child and the Bishop,' memorabilia of the late Phillips Brooks, and 'Gentle Thoughts for Gentle Women,' edited from the writings of the late Dinah Mulock Craik, are in the press of J. G. Cupples & Co., Boston.

The first four books of Goethe's 'Dichtung und Wahrheit,' edited for schools by Prof. C. A. Buchheim, will form a volume which D. C. Heath & Co. are bringing out.

Charles L. Webster & Co. desire it to be known that, contrary to report, no change has been made in the personnel of the firm, and that it will not retire from the book-publishing business. While it has sold out its subscription department, it will more than ever devote itself to general publication.

"The new is old, the old is new," we must still sing with Whittier as we look at the mass of the publications of the present season. The ideally attractive and handy Dent series of Jane Austen, the Brontë sisters, and Fielding, has received a fresh extension in a reprint of Maria Edgeworth's tales, beginning with 'Leonora' and 'Ennui,' each in a single volume bound most tastefully in green cloth stamped with the shamrock and with Erin's harp in gold. The same emblem has been used for the pretty ex-libris which Dent has had the happy thought to place on each cover. For the rest we need only note that the illustrations are old steel engravings reduced, instead of the customary photogravure, and that the American co-publishers in this instance are Dodd, Mead & Co. The same firm's neat uniform edition of Anthony Trollope's novels proceeds with 'Phineas Redux,' 'The Prime Minister,' and 'The Duke's Children,' each in three volumes, according to the English convention, bound tastefully in wine-colored cloth. A medley of drawings in wash, line and color, by Theodore Hampe, irregularly embellish their new edition of Mrs. Barr's 'Bow of Orange Ribbon' (a romance of Dutch New York), with a total effect more showy than elegant.

The Messrs. Putnam, too, confirm the saying about old and new. Here is their latest (the Van Twiller) edition of the classic 'Knickerbocker's History of New York,' in two volumes, illustrated by Edward W. Kemble. Each page has a colored border repeating the same design, and it is a very happy and decorative one; and like praise may be given to the windmill figure on the inner covers. These are really, besides the handsome letter-press, the chief successes, for Mr. Kemble's humorous pen-drawings are agreeable but not great as art. The outer covers, in white, stamped with blue and gold, are perhaps a little too elaborate; but as a whole, these are very handsome volumes indeed and will make their way.

A delightfully proportioned page and general quiet good taste, without any pictorial ornament, mark Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s reissue of Mr. T. B. Aldrich's 'An Old Town by the Sea.' Both externally and internally it seems to us leagues ahead of Miss Jewett's 'Deephaven' redivivus, with illustrations by Charles and Marcia Woodbury, of which the binding is a sad thing and the paper too glossy. The illustrations, on the other hand, are decidedly meritorious, the lady's by no means the worst, as witness her "Mrs. Kew" and "Miss Brandon at the Piano."

'Olympe de Clèves' has just been added to the taking edition of Dumas, senior, which we owe to Little, Brown & Co.; it begins the line of historical romances. The two volumes are well printed and richly bound; a spirited etching and a vignette portrait are the frontispieces. The same firm send us 'The Life of Shakespeare, Copied from the Best Sources, without Comment,' by Daniel W. Wilder, a modest attempt at a brief and trustworthy compendium of what is actually known about the poet. The book is in the main excerpted from Halliwell-Phillipps's 'Outlines,' to which references are duly given, and it will certainly be very useful to readers who do not possess the larger work. Mr. Wilder has done his excerpting cleverly, and his publishers have presented the result in an attractive form. The defects of the undertaking come chiefly from the compiler's having overlooked or ignored the 'Life of Shakespeare' by the exasperating but indispensable Mr. Fleay.

Mr. Edward Maunde Thompson's 'Handbook of Greek and Latin Palæography,' in the *International Scientific Series* (D. Appleton & Co.), is a masterly outline of a subject replete with difficulty, interesting to the few who will actually use this book as a primer of research. The preliminary chapters, however, on the alphabet, early writing and writing materials, forms of books, punctuation, contractions, etc.—say the first 117 pages—ought to be common knowledge, and would bear separate publication. They would supplement, without much overlapping, Mr. Falconer Madan's lucid work on 'Books in Manuscript' in the "Books about Books" series, and deserve as handsome typography. Beauty of manufacture does not distinguish the International Scientific Series, and the defect is especially felt in the case of a knotty theme like the present. The size of the page, too, has necessitated arbitrary shearing of the copious MS. examples reproduced in facsimile. Finally, the index might well have been made more elaborate. It is remarkable how much use is made of the recent discoveries of MSS. in Egypt, like the Herodas and the 'Constitution of Athens'; and it is certain that future finds are likely to affect considerably the generalizations about early Greek MSS. The closing pages of the 'Handbook' are devoted to the English book-hand in the middle ages. An appendix deals with systems of dating, or eras and calendars; and there is an important list of the principal palæographical works referred to, the use of which Mr. Thompson has aimed to facilitate by his learned compendium.

In the midst of elaborate and enigmatic literary criticism, it is a pleasure to read the nine essays that compose Mr. Arthur D. Innes's 'Seers and Singers' (London: A. D. Innes & Co.). The poets treated are Wordsworth, Tennyson, Arnold, and the two Brownings. The manner is almost colloquial; no stress is laid on "new" points of view; there is no philology, no searching for sources, no attempting scientific criticism, no trying to be witty. What the reader does get is a judicious and temperate comparison of the qualities and characteristics of the poets mentioned, without any flourishes and with much soundness and charm of style and thought.

'Within College Walls' (New York: The Baker & Taylor Co.) is a collection of ten diffuse essays—or, perhaps, sermons—on college life and education, by President Thwing of Western Reserve University. The college, it appears, is not a place where the student, during four years of comparative seclusion from the world of commerce and society, may give himself over, under trained and experienced teachers, to obtaining a thorough grounding in some of the most important branches of learning and investigation. It is, on the contrary, a compound of the academy, the home, and the Sunday-school, where the development of the spiritual part of character is of prime importance, where revivals are expected with periodic regularity, where scepticism is smothered or diverted, and where young ministers are appointed to departments of which they have no knowledge because they are supposed to be men of strong character. A book which could paint the college as the student, the professor, and the executive officer really see it would be full of interest and value. Charges are continually made against the habits and methods of college life, organization, and administration. These need discussion and investigation; but do not find them in President Thwing's pages. The questions he treats are usually of minor importance: if by chance he stumbles on a critical problem, it is only to pronounce upon it dogmatically, or to show in other ways that he has not mastered the facts upon which decision must depend.

J. G. Bartholomew's 'Tourist's Atlas Guide to the Continent of Europe' (London: Geo. Philip & Son; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons) is convenient enough and useful enough to be kept at home as well as taken abroad. Of a size fitted for the pocket, with rounded corners, it contains non-folded general maps of the whole of the Continent, aptly subdivided, and plans of most of the great cities (in the case of Paris two); the Rhine and the fjords of Norway are shown in sections, and even Iceland is thrown in. The British Isles, except for a small railway map, are excluded. Opposite each city plan is a summary enumeration

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of hotels, stations, cafés, theatres, churches, museums, monuments, etc. No one who has once used such a companion will consent to be without it. In the map of Southeastern France, the western color boundary of Switzerland has receded, in glacial fashion, so as to throw Geneva and other territory into the latter country.

Along with the foregoing may well be carried the little English-German dictionary by Jäschke (Boston: Carl Schoenhof), which is uncommonly well conceived. Interspersed with the mere vocabulary and its phrases are titles such as *lavatory*, *railway*, *hotel*, *money*, *washing*, *tailor*, under which are set down very natural and practical questions and directions in the German idiom; and a select little German-English vocabulary at the end furnishes what aid it can to understand the responses to the traveller's remarks. The author's ingenuity has overlooked, under *railway*, a very important question in some parts of Europe—"Is this a through train?" or "Do we have to change cars before reaching such a place?"

In this day of innumerable books any one deserves gratitude who publishes a full list, or a discriminating list, of books in any department of literature; and so we turn with a cheerful hope to Haferkorn's 'Handy List of Books on Fine Arts and Architecture' (Milwaukee), to be disappointed by finding it merely a voluminous trade-list of the books in English which are current in the market to-day, with a very scanty sprinkling of such books, published before 1880, as are most commonly known. It may be handy to salesmen who have to answer the calls of ordinary buyers, but is of no value to any one who is trying to follow the literature of its subject. The "three years of persistent work" claimed for it apparently mean the labor of some one working from booksellers' catalogues without acquaintance with the literature. The same labor, with some discriminating knowledge, covering the foreign languages in which the most important part of this literature is printed, might have made the catalogue very valuable, for it has no substitute. Unfortunately, every time such a work is imperfectly done the way is blocked for something better.

The first edition of Henry William Watson's 'Treatise on the Kinetic Theory of Gases' (Macmillan) was published in 1876, and it was then, we believe, the only treatise on the subject which could lay any claim to completeness. Almost all the text-books on thermodynamics devoted one or two chapters to the kinetic theory, which were little more than introductions to the subject, and, even as such, incomplete and often wanting in strict logical precision. In the first edition of this treatise the author followed for the most part the methods of Boltzmann, with, however, some important variations. In the present edition the ground is covered in much greater detail, the statistical method of treatment due to Maxwell being kept in view. The mathematical investigation of the subject leads finally to the conclusion that, with the assumed premises, the properties of the gaseous medium will correspond perfectly with those of an ideally perfect gas. In spite, however, of the very elaborate and on the whole successful treatment, no physicist will, we think, admit that the work, good as it is, is more than a first approximation towards a satisfactory solution of the extremely difficult problems involved.

Lecène, Oudin & Cie., Paris, have just published a new volume, the seventh of M. Jules Lemaître's 'Impressions de Théâtre.' The most striking fact one notes, on completing the reading of the brilliant pages of the impressionist critic, is the absence of any really remarkable work among the absolutely contemporary pieces, and the unconscious tendency of authors and critics to seek new forms of vice and sin as subjects. M. Lemaître speaks of the most noted works only: there is not one which, from its subject or its treatment, appears destined to outlast its brief popularity, not one which seems to have opened new roads to dramatists. This is all the more remarkable because, beside these "moderns," figure the names of classics whose works, notwithstanding the changes in taste and fashion, wear well and satisfy the cultured mind. It is only justice to M. Lemaître to add that, while he suggests how much more abominable (though he does not so qualify it) the conduct of some of the characters might have been made—*e. g.*, that of the younger Dumas's 'Père Prodigue'—and consequently more soulfully interesting, the coarse vileness of the Théâtre Libre comes in for condemnation at his hands; and the delicate grace of Maxime Bouchor's work is duly praised and the genius of Ibsen recognized.

A small book, in French, with a preface in English by an Italian countess, English by birth, Evelyn Martinengo-Cesaresco, forms the eleventh volume of the collection of "La Tradition Populaire," known to folk-lorists, and published by Lechevalier (Paris). The subject of this volume is 'La Poésie Populaire,' and a short historical study is followed by an interesting chapter on the idea of Fate in southern tradition.

In the November number of the *Educational Review* the editor has published statements from a dozen universities and colleges as to the effect of the present business depression on their attendance for this year. The statements themselves are somewhat vague, but it can be plainly seen that in most cases the numbers are very much the same as last year, or only slightly increased. Prof. James, in answering for the University of Pennsylvania, propounds the theory that, in general, "financial depression, where it is not continued for too long a time, is rather favorable than otherwise to an increase of attendance at higher institutions of learning," for the reason that boys who would naturally drift into business find it hard to get places and so continue their education. If this be so, we should expect to find this year the largest gains in scientific and technical schools, whose aims would naturally attract such boys. The statements given are not sufficiently definite to confirm this supposition, but it is interesting to notice that the gain in the case of the only scientific school for which figures are given, that of Harvard University, has been 50 per cent.

A report of progress on the surface geology of New Jersey, by Prof. R. D. Salisbury of the University of Chicago, appears in the recent annual report of the State geologist, Prof. Smock. The specialist in this subject will find Salisbury's account much more explicit in regard to the washed drift than any of its predecessors have been. Dictionary-makers should take notice of a new term, "aggradation," applied by him to the filling up of valleys by heavily loaded streams, in contrast to "degradation." Most of the valleys of middle New Jersey were "aggraded" by the rivers that ran from the melting ice sheet at the close of the glacial period. Speaking of new terms, we may mention the adoption by an Austrian geologist, Dr. Robert Sieger of Vienna, of the term, *drumlin*, introduced into our glacial literature some years ago from Ireland as a name for rounded hills of drift, shaped under the ice sheet. Sieger uses it in his account of similar hills near Lake Constance, where they seem to be numerous, although generally unmentioned in descriptions of continental European geology. Sieger's essay is a contribution to the Richthofen *Festschrift* of the current year.

Messrs. Putnam think our description of their illustrated edition of Mrs. Gatty's 'Parables' liable to misconception. They say: "The illustrations in question were designed specially for this edition, by Mr. Paul de Longpré, an artist resident in this city, who has devoted himself largely to nature subjects, and whose previous work has won for itself very high commendation." We had no intention of depreciating these examples of it.

—It is refreshing to see the editor of the *Virginia Magazine of History and Biography* bringing all the wealth of his antiquarian knowledge to dispel those old and widespread notions of his countrymen that the early Virginians were for the most part Cavaliers, that they lived in superb mansions, and that they engaged in frequent duels. Mr. Moncure D. Conway, in his 'Barons of the Potomac and Rappahannock,' recently published, has given additional currency to these antiquated views, and it is in a review of this book, contained in the second number of the magazine, that we find a distinct denial made of the alleged fact that any considerable number of the "Virginia gentry were descended from men of high rank who had adhered to the King's side." The reviewer adds that all genealogists having any competent acquaintance with the subject are agreed that but few scions of great English houses came to any of the colonies. As to the size of the houses of the Virginian colonists, inventories exist among the county records, furnishing abundant evidence that six or seven rooms were the limit in the case of the houses of planters of means having social and political consequence, and seventeen rooms in the case of the greatest houses, such as Rosewell, Rosegill, or Westover. In the 'Recollections of Rear-Admiral Ralph Randolph Wormeley,' published in 1879, the authors give thirty bedrooms alone to "Rosegill," in Middlesex County, Virginia, the old residence of the admiral's family. In this review Ralph Wormeley's inventory, dated 1701, is produced, showing that the rooms in the house, exclusive of kitchen, dairy, etc., were exactly nine in all. The comment upon duelling is particularly interesting. Mr. Conway has declared that duels in colonial Virginia about sweethearts were not infrequent. In this review, however, the origin of the appeals to the code is ascribed to the long war of the Revolution and to French influence, the fact being that while the "records [of Virginia] mention a few—very few—challenges, so far as they show or as can be learned from other sources, no duel was fought in the colonial period about wives, or sweethearts, or any one else."

—As the fourteenth volume of Dr. Billings's grand 'Index Catalogue of the Library of the Surgeon-General's Office' reaches Universally, we suppose another will close the series. By far the amplest title in the one before us is Syphilis, which fills 118 of these two-column quarto pages, the earliest treatise on the subject that we have observed being Leonicenus's 'Libellus de epidemia quam vulgo morbum gallicum vocant' (1497). A tenth part of the space is devoted to congenital, hereditary, and infantile syphilis; a tenth likewise to treat-

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ment by mercury (in the midst of other remedies), and if Chicoyneau demonstrates salivating to be of no use, Goris shows us 'Mercurius Triumphator.' Another melancholy chapter is Tubercle and Tuberculosis, in 55 pages; Tetanus requires 43, Therapeutics 38, Tumors 35, the Teeth 27, etc. Tobacco is more interesting in a briefer compass (11 pages), a third of which is concerned with the evil effects of this narcotic. The earliest entry about the weed is Neander's 'Tabacologia' (1626), followed in 1744 by Schulze's 'De masticatione foliorum tabaci, of chawing tobacco, in Anglia usitata'; and in our own very recent time we have a French 'Cri d'alarme du tabac' (Paris, 1878), upon the heels of a founding in 1877 of a society against the abuse of tobacco, with a journal, and this perhaps leading to an international congress having the same end (Paris, 1890). As far back as 1750 Languth of Wittenberg wrote warningly 'De immoderatiori tabaci abusione communi juvenilis ætatis pernicie'; and here we find bills prohibiting the sale of tobacco to minors introduced in the Michigan Legislature in 1879, and in Congress in 1888, 1890, 1891—this last in response to a memorial from citizens of the District of Columbia. James Parton's 'Smoking and Drinking' occurs on the same page with his royal British namesake's 'Counterblast to Tobacco.'

—It would be hard to say what may not be found in this section of the Catalogue—Swedenborg and his 'Animal Kingdom'; Bishop Berkeley and his Tar-water; Sir Kenelm Digby and his "powder of sympathy," "touching the cure of wounds" thereby, "with instructions how to make the said powder"; Swaim's Panacea, and the Thomsonian system, both blossoming into print in 1822; Sweet's 'Bone-setting' (1829); Daniel Turner's "particular account of Monsieur Bellost's pill compared with the author's, and the case of Barton Booth, esq., the late famous tragedian, as the same was communicated to the author by Mr. Alexander Small, surgeon, who open'd the body in the presence of Sir Hans Sloan" (1733); 'Observations on the state of the dispute between a physician and an apothecary concerning a prescription of Sydenham,' with a vindication of Sydenham's "method of curing the dysentery by injections of milk and Venice treacle" (1765); Dean Swift's 'Right of precedence between physicians and civilians enquir'd into' (1720); Stevens's 'Homographia: an essay on the proportions of man's body, hitherto unknown, or undescribed; exhibiting the prescience and reflection of the Deity, and the origin and harmony of numbers; with an appendix on the monuments of the ancients, etc.' (1806); 'Trial of William Bushnell [and others], all of Boston, for practising homœopathy while they were members of the Massachusetts Medical Society'; the Tichborne trial; and, to have an end, the case of Miss Marianne Woods and Miss Jane Pirie against Lady Gordon Cumming (1811–19), the latter having accused the plaintiffs, who kept a young ladies' school, of a practice known only by a French name, though here anglicised (and so to be commended to Dr. Murray's attention). May we not also note the appearance on the scene of three Tartarins, one an antiquarian at Vienne if not quite "sur les Alpes"? Certainly we ought to mention that the United States has 52 pages, in which will be found an analysis of the contents of the Sanitary Commission's 'Collection of Original Documents.'

—Not long before his death, Mr. Darwin stated to Sir Joseph Hooker that he desired to do for biological science something in addition to what he had already accomplished. To carry out this desire he devoted a considerable sum to the preparing and publishing of a general reference-index to the names and places of original publication of all known flowering plants, saying that the difficulties he had experienced in accurately designating the many plants he had studied, and in ascertaining their native countries, had suggested to him the importance of a work which should give these particulars. He requested Sir Joseph Hooker to take general charge of the work, and it has been under the supervision of this master in botanical science that the task of compilation and arrangement has been accomplished at Kew by Mr. B. Daydon Jackson. The first volume accordingly comes from the Clarendon Press (New York: Macmillan), under the title of "Index Kewensis,' and with the names of Hooker and Jackson on the cover. It is a quarto volume of over seven hundred pages, three columns to a page, and contains by rough estimate not far from one hundred and sixteen thousand references. The limits chosen are from Linnæus to the year 1885; each recognized genus is referred to its proper page of Bentham and Hooker's 'Genera Plantarum,' and with each species is named its native country. A glance at a few names of species is enough to show that the classic conservatism of Bentham and Hooker and Gray has governed the choice of names. Thus, under *Acer* the proper name for our sugar maple is recognized to be *Acer saccharinum* of Wangenheim; and *Acer saccharinum* of Linnæus, the older name, but one imposed on our silver maple through some error, is made a synonym of *Acer dasycarpum* of Ehrhart. Brongniart's emendation of Gray's *Agatea*, changing it to *Agation*, is adopted, showing that the law of priority is considered inferior to what may be called the law of common sense, and that one of the best friends of our own conservative Gray could even accept the correction of what may perhaps not have been an error after all. This volume includes the names of genera from *A* to *Dendrobium*, and covers about a fourth part of the whole, so that three more volumes may be looked for in good time. This 'Index' cannot fail to be of the greatest use to botanists, who will naturally look upon it as a loving legacy from one of the most distinguished of naturalists.

—The 'Lettres de Cecil Standish,' privately printed by Lemerre at Paris during the present year, possess so curious an interest that one must regret the limited circulation of the book. The letters are by turns in French and in English, the writer, whose high-born English connections speak for themselves in his name, having been of French descent (allied with the Noailles) on his mother's side, and having been bred a Catholic in France. His means and his delicate constitution together deprived him of the incentive to settled work, and, after many journeys in many lands in search of health, he ended his brief thirty-eight years with a single literary achievement, a story in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The affectionate correspondence with his friends, among them an American fellow-student at Oxford, Louis Dyer, ranges from 1874 to 1891, the year of his death, with gaps in the series for 1880, 1883, and 1886. It opens in Colorado, where Standish spent two years, but to us this is the least attractive period of his wanderings, and it even requires some effort to follow the development of the youth of twenty-one. After his two years at Balliol his growth is obvious, and his letters become very finished specimens of the art. Those from Spain and Italy in particular show a fine descriptive power, and together would make a valuable addition to any tourist's guide-books for either peninsula. See, for example, his elaborate "programme pour les promenades de Mme. de Talleyrand" in Rome, with its first, second, third, and fourth days, and a hint of the theatre where Duse (this was in 1888) was playing, as he remarked, only French plays, save one piece of Goldoni's, doubtless "La Locandiera," which Standish had seen at Palermo the year before. He would have been embarrassed had Madame desired to accompany him to the Bellini Theatre in Palermo on occasion of the representation of Macchiavelli's "Mandragora," when it was publicly advertised that women spectators must come masked. Half-a-dozen shameless girls ventured unmasked, and were treated to hootings and foul-mouthed speech such as Pepys never witnessed at the play. They were "interpell'es par les gens du parterre et des fauteuils: on leur criait des horreurs," says Standish. Quite other scenes are those of the Papal court and ceremony of Leo XIII., intimately and humorously touched off by this Anglo-Frenchman, who had been appointed *cameriere segreto di cappa e spada* and was costumed accordingly. Still, the collection has, perhaps, a greater attraction for the student of mankind, in the person of Standish, than for the lover either of foreign ways or of letters. Copies of the daintily printed book are at hand in the Astor Library, the Newberry Library at Chicago, the Harvard College Library, and the Boston Public.

—A suggestion for American educational experts is contained in the letter of a Welsh correspondent who sends an account of the way in which some friends of co-education in Bangor have solved its domestic side, a phase of the problem which our British cousins have always regarded as complicated. A stock company of ladies and gentlemen have provided "The Women's Hostel for Students, in connection with the University College of North Wales, Bangor," for such young women as do not prefer to live in lodgings. The enterprise is controlled by eleven directors, of whom four are officers of the college, and Miss Mary Maude, the lady superintendent, is also a newly-created member of the college board, "with supervision over all women students." The fees for board and residence in this uniquely named dormitory, for the three terms of the college year, vary from one hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars. The College Hostel opened last month with fourteen students, and some of the rules for the guidance of both superintendent and students illustrate international differences in custom and point of view. Miss Maude is required to accompany the girl students to the meetings of such college organizations as the choral and debating societies; there are daily prayers, and students are expected to attend regularly a place of worship, "though the Hostel is non-denominational." Students must consult the lady superintendent before accepting invitations of any kind from friends, nor can they "be out in the evening without leave." The Hostel is beautifully located in full view of the Snowdonian range of mountains, about twenty minutes' walk from University College. Moreover, the college provides a room for its women students, where they can rest, take lunch, or wait between classes, etc., and "no talking or loitering is allowed" in the halls or corridors.

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RECENT NOVELS.

Pietro Ghisleri. By F. Marion Crawford. Macmillan & Co.

The Complaining Millions of Men. By Edward Fuller. Harper & Bros.

An Innocent Impostor, and Other Stories. By Maxwell Grey. D. Appleton & Co.

Not Angels Quite. By Nathan Haskell Dole. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

The Heavenly Twins. By Mme. Sarah Grand. Cassell Publishing Co.

Ideala. By Sarah Grand. D. Appleton & Co.

PIETRO GHISLERI is one of the Romans who move in the Saracinesca set. We meet them now as summer friends meet, intermittently but familiarly. As with summer friends, too, an interest grows up in all their affairs, great or small, based less on the importance of the affairs than on the old acquaintanceship. Like the pleasure of reading poetry in a foreign tongue, or Browning, which is said by the cynic to arise from the mere satisfaction of finding, after search, that it has a meaning, so the simple fact that San Giacinto gave Don Orsino sage counsel in money matters in an earlier volume of Mr. Crawford's, now makes it positively pleasurable that it should be the same San Giacinto who befriends Pietro Ghisleri, the hero of the present story. That the famous and melancholy duellist, Spicca, interested himself profoundly in Maria's fortunes last year, now adds pungency to the page wherein the same Spicca says that no one could possibly be as good as this year's Laura Carlyon looked. The wit of Gouache, the painter, too, borrows a little of its lustre from the fact that he has been witty before; but for this spiritual ancestry we are inclined to think that Gouache's studio party in the new novel, a varied function of tableaux and blank verse, would not have had quite the success ascribed to it. There are dangers as well as attractions in introducing us to the same society year after year. If Mr. Crawford has touched this danger, however, it is only on its margin, for he has made an interesting book and shown us his old friends and ours of the gay Roman world of society in new lights. A Roman society woman may not only be revengeful—that sounds very familiar—but, under sufficient provocation, she may read scientific works, and, borrowing the wisdom of this end of the age, may, for her purpose, summon bacilli from the vasty deep. The bacilli play her true, but the weak points of her intricate scheme of blackmail seriously need the explanation given that the plotter was half insane from the use of morphine.

It is not alone the Roman woman who is thus touched with the modern idea. A Roman society man may not only carry on his intrigues in the face of the world—that sounds very familiar—but he may turn teacher, and counsel virtue to the mistress he is forsaking. The complicated man is Mr. Crawford's specialty. Pietro Ghisleri is constantly spoken of as one. All his friends call him so, including his friend the author; but in reality he is not so much complicated as contradictory—what he says contradicts what he does; what is said of him contradicts both. The author describes him as a great sinner, and is explicit as to some of his worst sins, but contrives also to make him get tired of his sins in so chivalrous a fashion that one begins to dread the evolution, in fiction, of the knightly cad; nor, less, of the over-tolerant heroine, since it is she who talks away Pietro's dissatisfaction with himself and at last convinces him that he is good enough to marry her. His charm, the charm which never fails to reach the heart of woman, in or out of a book, is that, whatever may be said of him to the contrary, he always controls the situation of the moment, be it intrigue, athletics, finance, or love.

'The Complaining Millions of Men' have one more cause for complaint in the novel where they play the title rôle. They and their cause are made the ostensible theme in a story whereof it is hard to say whether the alleged socialism is more superficial or the alleged high life more dingy. The book is distinctly grimy, not as to morals, but in its literary atmosphere. We shall not quarrel, now or ever, with a book on socialism because it does not offer new schemes of reform to an attentive world, but we must have a decent literary marriage between the motive and the execution, or we must murmur. If the knightly cad is to be dreaded, what shall we say of the unknightly one? The novel of which he is hero shall surely die. It is impossible to care what Francis Baretta does, says, or thinks, whom he loves, whom he forsakes, because his contemptible insincerity as a man and a composition puts him beyond the pale of human interest. We defy any one to remember, one hour after closing the book, whether or no he blew his brains out at last. The lower social stratum of the two in which he moved has no reality, not from its lowness but from the nervelessness with which it is presented; the Beacon Street half of the book (for its scenes are laid out in Boston) is even more depressingly penny-valentine-like. There is in the style an exasperating trick which consists in eternal questions asked by nobody and answered by the querist. The most nearly redeeming work is the portrait of the girl from the slums, who fatiguingly, but faithfully, loved the cad unto the welcome end.

Maxwell Grey's volume of stories, to judge by internal evidence, must have been written at a less experienced time of literary life than the novels which made their author's fame. They show some liveliness of invention and no little readiness of pen, but are crude in their form and substance. The plots are not content to thicken; they open and shut, like jack-knives, with a jerk and a click. Here, one says, is slender work which may develop on the brighter side and become original, or on the slighter, and become vapid. It is needless to particularize, since the same qualities pervade all the stories, whether they be of persons exchanging their identity by accident, or of other persons doing the same on purpose—personating some one else being the prevailing topic of the book. The topic, however, matters little, for the interest, such as it is, is more often in the graces of telling than in the thing told.

Mr. Dole's novel contains a small story of love and a legacy, with a great many opinions, theories, verses, stories, and quotations. It is indeed a curious collection of paragraphs on numerous subjects woven into the conversation of a dozen persons, whose story is outweighed by their convictions. They all have ardent convictions on all subjects, and all talk about them. A very few of their topics are socialism, prevention of cruelty, belief in a future life, spiritualism, proof-reading, the elective system, cremation, spelling-reform, music and composers, the metric system, centralization, nationalism, and the management of periodicals. There are lunch parties, dinner parties, supper parties, with the attendant menus; there are psychic-research meetings and ritualistic services and concerts and press-club meetings; there are cruel teamsters and car-ticketless Irish, and Jew newspaper-owners and Malaprop widows, besides the principals of the plot, and there is much punning. Strange to say, the book is not particularly unreadable. As a novel it is harum-scarum, but as a collection of "ana" it is rather bright.

'The Heavenly Twins' and 'Ideala' have the merit of originality, whatever else they have or lack. They are large-purposed books, dealing with the greatest problems of life. The very vastness of the object interferes with their effectiveness as works of fiction. The genius of George Eliot was needed to save her didacticism from overwhelming her novel. Mrs. Humphry Ward escaped even more narrowly, and Mme. Grand—"may profit by their example," we will say, in anticipation of cries of "Treason!" In 'The Heavenly Twins' the moralizing well-nigh swamps the moral, particularly at the outset, where the swinging to and fro of both motive and treatment is so ponderous and so sluggish that the reader has no soothing premonition of the dash and velocity into which they work up later. In the early chapters, moreover, the warfare against injustice is waged with snarling—a lance which may prick but cannot slay; but later this is laid down in exchange for the worthier weapon of a glowing and impersonal wrath. Thus the last impressions of the book are the best, as to its tone and purpose, but the same can hardly be said of its construction, which is a tangle of themes and counter-themes worked out to a tangle of conclusions. The account of the twins and their diabolically mischievous pranks from the cradle to the grave has nothing to do with the life-history of Evadne; the two stories clash like dissonances on the ear. The twins, with the fantastic idyl of the Tenor and the Boy, should have made a separate chronicle. The great questions treated in the book are the deepest questions of life, but the dominant motive, which may be dryly stated as the elevation of man's moral status to that of woman, is zealously, even thrillingly, dealt with in the story of Evadne. Her theory is that the different standards for men and women can be equalized only by the steady refusal of women to marry men whose previous lives have been questionable; a necessary part of the plan being that women should not shirk a full knowledge of the world, its evil as well as its good. Ignorance is set forth as vice in some sententious pleadings, as, for example, this, of certain "gentle-mannered, pure-minded women":

> "They kept their tempers even and unruffled by never allowing themselves to think or know . . . anything that is evil of anybody. . . . They seemed to think that by ignoring the existence of sin, by refusing to obtain any knowledge of it, they somehow helped to check it; and they could not have conceived that their attitude made it safe to sin, so that when they refused to know and to resist, they were actually countenancing evil and encouraging it. The kind of Christian charity from which they suffered was a vice in itself."

The false principles on which woman is educated—her feeling over-developed, her reason under-trained—perhaps needed public attention a few years ago more than to-day; but that side of the question which bears upon woman's culpability in encouraging a low standard for man, negatively if not positively, has rarely received more original or intelligent discussion than in Madame Grand's books.

With the carrying out of her idea, however, we have a serious quarrel. Evadne, finding as she is setting forth upon her wedding journey that her husband's past has been an evil one, runs away and refuses to live with him, giving

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consistent reasons for her conduct to her parents. With her absolute views on this subject she could do nothing else; therefore her final yielding to her mother's tears and prayers to return to a mere appearance of wedded life with her husband, that her family and the world may not be scandalized, is wholly inconsistent with the character of the high-strung but coldly logical Evadne, and the whole struggle loses its significance. It is true that a new struggle begins, which is worked out to a fitting end, but the original question, for which the soil has been carefully prepared, for which Evadne has fitted herself by her whole way of living and reading and thinking, falls to the ground. Often nothing is so true to nature as inconsistency of character; but it is fair to say that Evadne's inconsistency in this particular, as the heroine of a novel of reform, is a breach of trust with the reader. To a girl of her uncompromising truthfulness, seeming to yield the point would have been one shade more disgraceful than really doing so.

'Ideala,' which is a far slighter work, is, to our thinking, a more perfect one. Obviously by the same hand, its weaknesses are the same—the tendency to what Disraeli calls anecdotage, the desultoriness, the quotations, the original poems. Its virtues, too, of high purpose and of daring and original statement are the same, but, in this self-declared "study," the faults sit lighter and the moral marches straighter to its goal. Both books are noticeable far beyond the ordinary. Their author stands in some peril, as a reformer, of trying to cure all maladies with one medicine, the higher (and lower) education of woman; and, as a novelist, of overloading her pages with irrelevant incident and wilful boldness where business-like calm would say more.

FOUR BOOKS ON OLD NEW ENGLAND.

Some Old Puritan Love Letters: John and Margaret Winthrop, 1618-1638. Edited by Joseph Hopkins Twichell. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1893.

Thomas Hazard, Son of Robert, called "College Tom": A Study of Life in Narragansett in the XVIIIth Century. By his grandson's granddaughter, Caroline Hazard. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1893.

The Old Colony Town, the Ambit of Buzzard's Bay, and Other Sketches. By William Root Bliss, author of 'Colonial Times on Buzzard's Bay.' Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1893.

Customs and Fashions in Old New England. By Alice Morse Earle. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1893.

In the old Winthrop love-letters two notable founders of New England poured out their hearts as lovers of our day would, if they knew how. The epistles run through twenty years. Their number is fifty-eight, of which sixteen were written by the lady—the earliest specimens, we think, of such writing by an American Puritan woman. Born in 1591, this Puritan girl was nearly coeval with Shakspere's daughters, who could not write. But her chirography as we have it in facsimile is a fine round Roman hand, showing contempt of those "statists who held it a baseness to write fair." The substance, too, is throughout worthy of the fair show. Her style, as well as that of Mr. Winthrop, would now be censured as sentimental and suffused with religious cant; but it was natural in an age when all expressions of feeling were effusive, when the Bible was the Puritan library, and when religious controversy was all in all in social no less than in political relations. Inside the letters, such a style shocks modern taste no more than it must to see them superscribed on the outside—*To my very deare and lovinge Husband these deliver.* Winthrop at least, reading lines that beg pardon for themselves as "liveless," could never have said with *Hamlet's* mother, "The lady doth protest too much, methinks." Again, the unconscious autobiography which is the chief charm of familiar letters—above all of those scribbled in haste—pervades this correspondence from first to last. Nor do the letters fail to throw side-lights on the vicissitudes of English domestic life in the early decades of the seventeenth century. Daily food, luxuries, medical nostrums, dress, modes of travel, meanings of words, all receive illustration.

Margaret Winthrop died in 1647. A little less than a century afterward "College Tom" began his distinctive struggle as an anti-slavery pioneer in Rhode Island. This reformer, born in 1720, whose family name was Hazard, was son of one of the wealthiest Quakers just north of Point Judith. Going in 1742 to buy a cow in a corner of Connecticut where slavery had not penetrated, he was shocked to hear a deacon there assert that Quakers could not be Christians because they held their fellow-men as slaves. Thenceforth he began to till a farm his father had given him with free labor while a thousand slaves were held in the county where he lived, very many of them by his relatives, some of whom were Guinea slave-traders, and though his rich father threatened to disinherit him. Years before he had felt some scruples about slavery. The question had arisen: Ought slaves to be baptized? Many said that, being chattels bought and sold like sheep and oxen, they ought not to be baptized any more than those beasts. Some, however, argued that negroes, having souls, had a right to freedom. Bishop Berkeley endeavored to settle the question by procuring and publishing a formal opinion from his Majesty's attorney-general that slave baptism was right. But official authority had no weight with "College Tom." Freeing first his own slaves, he set an object-lesson before his neighbors which they could not disregard. His leaven was not long hid. In the outset it leavened the monthly and then the yearly meeting of Quakers, and finally the Rhode Island Legislature, which, but for the impending Revolution, might have abolished "the detestable practice of enslaving" ten years sooner than it did in 1784. He lived fourteen years after that.

It has been well said that every man's account-book shows what manner of man he is. "College Tom's" books of that sort show his character and many things besides. Their disclosures are especially edifying in relation to fiat money during forty years while it had free course and was glorified around him. How it depreciated till a dollar was not worth a cent; how it led to the fixing on corn or wool or meat as a standard of value; how it forced trade to become barter, and clogged every wheel of business, is revealed on multitudinous pages. The last third of the volume is composed of official documents illustrative of what had preceded, but intended to be referred to rather than read. The first two hundred pages are a narrative in artless Quaker fashion by "College Tom's" grandson's granddaughter. They were penned on the self-same estate where he flourished and which his descendants still possess. The story is so well told, and gives so many glimpses of colonial life, that no one who reads one page will find it easy to leave any page unread.

Half of Mr. Bliss's title, namely, "The Ambit of Buzzard's Bay," must have been chosen from President Cleveland's making Gray Gables his summer retreat. The other half, "The Old Colony Town," may be due to a desire to secure a sale among summer boarders who resort for their outing to the Old Plymouth region. The book deserves the patronage of all such health and pleasure-seekers. It gives them what they both need and lack—an excellent topographical description of all the natural features they will encounter in their walks, drives, and water parties, besides mention of the old landmarks with something of their history and legends. But those who buy Mr. Bliss's sketches merely as a local guide will get more than they bargained for—more than they ever dreamed of concerning lighthouse life on the coast of Maine, for example. Again, Mr. Bliss dwells for about forty pages with affectionate minuteness on "the mind of his dog" and on "society in the menagerie." Every man who cares for his dog or for any animal, from a mouse to an elephant, both included, will here find something he will be glad to know. Mr. Bliss's sketches stretch not only through the animal kingdom, but so much further that "the Ambit of Buzzard's Bay" is a world too narrow for them. They ought rather to be called "the ambit of the terraqueous earth," for they include hairbreadth 'scapes in stormful voyages across both the Atlantic and Pacific, as well as adventures in India, China, and Japan. His experience in the farthest East a long time ago was much of a piece with the present writer's in more recent years. In Shanghai both rode in jinrikishas, but Mr. Bliss makes no mention of spacious wheelbarrows which are now very generally used there in place of cabs. On unbeaten paths in Japan, Mr. Bliss found "no envious rivalry between jinrikisha-men who were travelling in the same train"; the present writer saw much of it. Mr. Bliss speaks of "small lacquered *tables* on which supper was spread." Those the writer met with, being not more than three inches high and a foot long, it were more fitting to call salvers. Both were guests at the same Kiyoto hotel, which Mr. Bliss calls Maruyama, but which was known to the other traveller as Yaammeh. The passports of both had odd clauses: that of Mr. Bliss was forfeited in case "he committed matrimony," that of the writer if he were caught "appearing at a fire on horseback."

Mrs. Earle paints for us the ancient Yankee from his birth and baptism to his burial and gravestones, in fifteen chapters, each presenting a distinct colonial phase. The picture or panorama is drawn to the life and full of realistic traits. Many of Mrs. Earle's most racy details she owes to the colonial gazettes which Isaiah Thomas began to gather more than a century ago in Worcester, and which have been sought for ever since by the Antiquarian Society he founded. She has also made the most of ancient wills, inventories, mercantile day books, and court records; nor has she failed to resort to museums of colonial relics in Deerfield, Hartford, Plymouth, Boston, and Salem. It is very noticeable how impossible it would have been to write her descriptions twenty years ago. Then the Journal and Letters of Judge Sewall were inaccessible; since then they have been deciphered and printed with excellent annotations and indexes. But for his private records concerning his multitudinous courtships, the chapter on

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colonial love-making must have lacked half its sap and savor. Mrs. Earle mentions various colonial houses, but is silent about one, still well preserved, of which Sewall loved to write. This is the house of his cousin Quincy, already old in Sewall's time, beside a brook flowing down from the Adams estate to the sea. Here, in Tutor Flynt's chamber next the brook, Sewall lodged March 28, 1712. One may see there a fine specimen of pre-Revolutionary paper-hangings—the pattern, Venus and Cupid. This paper was put on for the wedding of John Hancock in 1775, which was prevented from consummation there by the Concord fight. But few indeed are the sources of information that have not been deeply drawn from by Mrs. Earle. Her account of domestic service will be a revelation, perhaps a consolation, to housekeepers. Their predecessors—changing Irish help for Indian, and Indian for African, and still served worse and worse—were by no means to be envied. Mrs. Earle also shows how, after generations had known no diverting spectacles save executions and funerals, "Othello," while play-acting was prohibited by law, managed to sneak in on the stage at Newport in 1762, under the disguise of "a moral dialogue, in five parts." We wish space would allow us to copy the playbill, which Mrs. Earle pronounces "the most amusing example of specious and sanctimonious truckling extant."

WILLIAM BLAKE.

William Blake: His Life, Character, and Genius. By Alfred T. Story, author of the 'Life of John Linnell,' etc. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.; New York: Macmillan & Co. 1893.

THERE is a great fascination in the incomplete, and a glory in understanding the misunderstood and admiring the unappreciated. When any man has fully and clearly expressed himself—when what he had to do or say in the world is thoroughly done and unmistakably said—why bother one's self to explain the clear or interpret the known? But the half-articulate genius whose message the people have not heard or comprehended, the fire of whose inspiration is smothered in its own smoke—the man of fitful force and unbalanced power—he furnishes to the discerning critic his true opportunity. There is little credit to be had in praising what all the world admires, and little need for ingenuity to read what is plainly written; but it needs a penetrating mind to discern the beauties of what most of the world despises, and to find or invent a meaning in what men take for madness. So there is more written of William Blake than of Veronese, and almost as much as of Michelangelo.

The present work is in some ways a singular one. Its external appearance is not pleasant. There are no illustrations save a portrait of Blake as frontispiece. The small page is crowded and the margins are unduly narrow, and the dirt-colored cloth cover is stamped in a meaningless and ugly imitation of alligator-skin. It is a curious dress for the life of an artist, and one soon finds that it is not as an artist or even as a poet that this book deals with its subject. It is of Blake as prophet and seer, the inspired revealer of new truths and a new morality and religion, that Mr. Story writes. It is doubtless so that Blake would have preferred to be considered, but it is not so that the world will consent to consider him. It seems to us much like considering Turner mainly as the author of 'The Fallacies of Hope.'

The facts of Blake's life, to which Mr. Story devotes considerably less than half his 164 pages, are so familiar that it is hardly necessary to recount them here. The recurring question as to whether or no Blake was "mad" seems to us one for professional alienists to decide; nor does its answer seem to us important. In any case it is only a question of degree. A "lack of mental balance" Mr. Story himself admits; and whether this lack of balance was great enough to deserve the name of insanity is largely a question of names. Perfect sanity Blake certainly had not. He spoke constantly of his "visions" as having objective reality; but whether this was hallucination or mystification, who can tell? He was incoherent to the verge of raving, vainglorious to a degree that suggests the *folie des grandeurs*, and suspicious and unjust to an extent which reminds one of the mania of persecution. Whether he was or was not mad, his was assuredly a singularly ill-regulated, unbalanced, and untrained mind. In art his education was little enough, but it was, fortunately for him, of the right kind. In literature he had almost no education at all, and a good deal of what he had was of the wrong kind. Mr. Story laments his apprenticeship to Basire, "whose style of engraving was hard and dry and conventional, the result being to cramp and fetter the genius of the pupil." We cannot help thinking that these "fetters" were *eminently salutary to Blake as an artist.* In spite of his strange genius he was technically a convinced classicist. He was amusingly bigoted in his denunciation of the colorists and of "that infernal machine called Chiaroscuro," and maintained that "the great and golden rule of art, as well as of life, is this: That the more distinct, sharp, and wiry the bounding-line, the more perfect the work of art; and the less keen and sharp, the greater is the evidence of weak imitation, plagiarism, and bungling."

Of course this is silly and one-sided, and largely the result of ignorance and prejudice; but there is an element of truth in it. In the first place, it must be remembered that "nature put him out"; that, as he said of himself, "natural objects always did . . . weaken, deaden, and obliterate imagination" in him. Now *painting*, as we understand it since the Venetians, requires for its perfection the direct study of nature, and, therefore, was not for him who found that the posed model "smelt of mortality," and who was not strong enough (as the truly great artists have been) to make nature serve him rather than allow nature to master him. Michelangelo did not find even the "mortality" of the dissecting-room deadening to his imagination. Yet Blake felt that in art mere vagueness was death. The highest imagination is always the most definite, and "a spirit and a vision are not, as the modern philosophy supposes, a cloudy vapor or a nothing; they are organized and minutely articulated beyond all that the mortal and perishing nature can produce. . . . Spirits are organized men." Debarred from great realization, he found safety in that very hardness and dryness of style that Mr. Story laments, which gives a sense of accuracy even when accuracy is absent, and makes even false drawing look marvellously sure and vivid. His wildest creations seem as if they must have been really observed, because his method of statement is so precise; and they owe half their effect to that cause. His style "fitted him," and gives the same reality to his apocalyptic visions which those of Dürer possess.

In literature, however, Blake had nothing answering to the training in clarity and precision which, as a draughtsman, he had gained from his long practice of engraving and of drawing Gothic monuments. He was altogether self-educated, and ignorant even of grammar. He shared in the admiration for Ossian that was common in his time, and retained it after the rest of the world had outgrown it. He always maintained that both Ossian and Chatterton's "Rowley" were genuine beings, and "owned himself an admirer of Ossian equally with any other poet whatever." His early "Songs of Innocence and Experience," in spite of grammatical and metrical stumbles, contain, as we all know, much lyrical power and true beauty; but when he began to occupy himself with religion and philosophy, to form a theory of the universe and of good and evil, and to make myths which should convey his notions on these subjects, both his thinking and his style were those of an untrained and unbalanced mind. The so-called "prophetic books" are "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

It is to these books that Mr. Story devotes more than half his volume, trying manfully to make sense of them and to explain Blake's thought, though he has often to confess that he cannot do so and to admit a "vast overplus of words utterly without meaning." "Yet, in spite of all," he says, "there burned through this incoherent windy drift, and for ever stands revealed as in golden letters of light, a treasury of thought so rich that it constitutes a veritable and almost unparalleled intellectual heritage for all the ages to come." The style, too, he admires. He calls it "unrhymed verse," and considers it "a very powerful instrument for the expression of his thought, and a decided addition to our poetical forms. With all the force and simplicity of prose, it is yet capable of the metrical sweetness and flow, and more than the charm and variety, of ordinary blank verse." In support of these contentions he gives many long extracts, and it is fair to suppose that they are the best he could find. If what he does not quote is any more "windy" and formless and unintelligible than what he quotes, it must be astonishing indeed. As to the "unrhymed verse," we cannot see that it is verse at all, or has any other vestige of versification than the arbitrary division into lines with a capital at the head of each. We shall try the experiment of giving one short passage, and by no means the worst, without the line division, and let the reader judge. Blake is speaking of "Beulah"—

> "Where every female delights to give her maiden to her husband: the female searches sea and land for gratification of the male genius, who in return clothes her in gems and gold, and feeds her with the food of Eden."

This has a certain rhythm, but it is distinctly the rhythm of what is known as poetical prose. It has no line structure; and we defy any one who does not know the original to divide it as Blake did.

We shall decline to discuss the value of the ideas, in themselves, which Mr. Story tells us Blake meant to convey. They seem to us, as we have intimated, as much the outcome of an untrained mind as is the poetry in which they are conveyed. But were they as valuable as Mr. Story thinks them, it would matter little. After all, what the world most loves is art. Thought has never long saved a work not plastically beautiful, and it is William Blake the artist that the world will care for as long as it cares at all for William Blake.

It is, then, to some examination of Blake's claims to remembrance as an artist that we

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shall devote our remaining space. A painter, in any just sense of the word, he never was at all. As an illustrator in black and white, whether of his own ideas or of the works of others, he displayed undoubted ability. His knowledge of the figure was far from complete, and his anatomy is often impossible, while his taste was sometimes faulty and his ornamental flourishings are frequently mean and trivial. On the other hand, he had a strong imaginative sense of the weird and awful, a feeling for grandeur of style and an ability to suggest space and movement. Some of the "Inventions to the Book of Job" reach a very high level of dignity and beauty, and are more essentially *large* in their small dimensions than many a twenty-foot canvas or fresco. Due distance guarded and allowance made for their inferior completeness, they are almost worthy of comparison with Michelangelo, of whom they contain many reminiscences. To say of them, as Mr. Story does of the less well-known illustrations to Dante, his last works, that, "in comparison with them, Flaxman's designs are puny, and Doré's grotesque and feeble," is weak praise. Neither of these men is worthy to be compared for an instant to Blake. It should be remarked as bearing on the sanity of these works and Blake's consciousness of rational adaptation of means to ends in their production, that he never attributed their authorship, as he did that of his later poems, to supernatural inspiration. The spirit of his brother suggested the methods of engraving some of his designs, and St. Joseph told him how to mix his colors, while "Flemish and Venetian demons" interfered with him; but he never seems to have doubted that the drawings were his own. The visions posed for him, but they did not draw for him.

SUNDRY LAW BOOKS.

'The Law of Insurance,' by Arthur Biddle (Philadelphia: Kay & Brother), is an exhaustive and valuable treatise upon all branches of insurance law not marine. The different forms of risks are not treated separately, but the arrangement of the book is based upon the contract of insurance in its successive stages, and deals in order with its formation; the rights of the parties before the occurrence of the contingency insured against; the avoidance and performance of the contract; its breach; and the measure of damages—an arrangement which more than compensates, by its opportunity for scientific treatment, for an occasional lack in convenience. Mr. Biddle's method is careful and thorough, and the book gives every evidence of painstaking labor. The number of cases cited is very large, and while the text never departs far from a treatment of the actual authorities into the realm of original discussion, it is nevertheless far more than a mere digest. On the contrary, much is done throughout to reconcile and explain the cases and to simplify and systematize the general principles of insurance law; and there can be no doubt that the book is an important addition to the literature of the subject. Among other interesting things are the discussion of the difference between life and fire insurance, good chapters on the difficult subjects of fraud and estoppel, and an excellent statement of the true nature of the so-called "parol evidence rule."

'The Law of Incorporated Companies Operating under Municipal Franchises,' by Allen Ripley Foote and Charles E. Everett (Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.), is a work which, so far as our experience goes, entirely justifies the claim made by the authors to novelty of conception and plan. A doubt which arises at first sight as to the object of the book is not altogether removed by the statement of the preface that the aim has been "to elucidate principles and clearly to define strategic points, in order to measure by fundamental rules the progress made by the several States in aligning legislation with the requirements of such rules." In substance the compilation seems not to be a law book in the ordinary sense, but rather a comparison of the legislation of the various States and Territories upon the subject of corporations exercising franchises of various kinds in the highways and other public places of municipalities. The laws of each jurisdiction upon this head are treated separately, after a preliminary "Discussion of the Economic Principles Involved"—a singular compound of ethics, philosophy, political and economic science, and other things—which sets forth the authors' plan for a system of industrial corporations operating under State control. There is also a statement of the general principles of law applicable to such corporations.

Thomas Carl Spelling's 'Treatise on Extraordinary Relief in Equity and at Law' (Boston: Little Brown & Co.), deals fully with the law of injunction (to which the largest part of the book is given), habeas corpus, mandamus, prohibition, quo warranto, and certiorari. It is likely to prove a useful text-book on all these heads, some of which have never, to our knowledge, been so thoroughly and systematically treated.

The 'American Digest' for 1893 (St. Paul: West Publishing Co.) is a remarkable volume. Its more than twenty-eight hundred pages of closely printed matter is sufficient evidence of the appalling rapidity with which the accumulation of case law is going on. But while this continues, and while all efforts to emancipate the legal profession from their dependence upon the cases are so far from success, there can be no doubt of the service which the West Publishing Company is doing by its National Reporter system and this annual index to its publications. The assistance thus given in finding the latest decisions on any subject is partly indicated by the fact that this one volume, prepared with much attention to detail and arrangement, and with every mechanical aid, contains references to every decision for a year past of the highest court in any State or Territory, and of many other courts besides. It must be said, however, that the bulk of the Digest might have been greatly reduced, and its convenience increased, by a more careful condensation of statement.

Letters of Asa Gray. Edited by Jane Loring Gray. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1893. 2 vols. 8vo.

It must have been a task of extraordinary difficulty to select from Dr. Gray's voluminous correspondence the handful of letters here given. Every one who knew Dr. Gray recognized in him an eminent botanist, a patriotic citizen, a defender of the faith, and a lovable man. Doubtless the greater part of the correspondence at the service of the one who has edited these volumes could have been utilized to present in strong light, and in all these phases of activity, the beautiful character of Prof. Gray. And the loving hand which has chosen with consummate judgment the few letters now before us, must have often lingered with regret over the hundreds of notes and letters which had to be discarded in favor of these. The first volume opens with a short autobiography which brings Dr. Gray's life down to the date of his first vacation after he had fairly entered on the duties of the professorship at Harvard (1843). From this time on, the letters are linked together by occasional remarks explanatory of the sequence, where such remarks have seemed necessary. Few persons have ever put more of themselves into their letters than did the writer of these, and therefore the chain of correspondence is in itself almost autobiographical. Sundry journals, introduced from time to time, add to this effect, so that the volumes might well be called the Life of Asa Gray.

Besides a few engravings illustrating the Garden and home where most of his scientific work was done after he came to Cambridge, there are three portraits taken at the ages of thirty-one, fifty-seven, and seventy-six. The first of these, belonging to the time when the art of the photographer demanded for the portrait many minutes of constrained attention, has no suggestion of the face as it was later known. Dr. Gray appears to have been devoting the time necessary for the portraiture to the perusal of some such work as the photographers of those days kept for their patients. The likeness at fifty-seven, taken in 1868, brings Dr. Gray before us in all his marvellous alertness. It may fairly be called a speaking likeness, for it is ready to speak. One can fancy that it represents him in an animated scientific discussion at the very moment he has discovered a weak point in his antagonist's armor, and there is beginning at the corners of the mouth the gentle smile which promises that his opponent will actually enjoy the adroitness of the thrust as much as he. No portrait could better show the character of Dr. Gray at this period of his life. After almost twenty years of untiring activity, he sits for another portrait. In this his beard shades the mouth somewhat, but the kindly smile finds full expression in the twinkle of the eye. The strong and gentle character is revealed as clearly in these two portraits as in the letters themselves.

Of course, the letters give special prominence to the nature and scope of the botanical researches and discoveries on which his fame securely rests, but these letters have been chosen so skilfully that they can be read even by a layman with pleasure and profit. They cover a period of more than fifty years of successful labors appreciated from the very first by all of his contemporaries. They show that from the very outset he became not merely the correspondent but the intimate and affectionate friend of the leading botanists in all countries. The only interruptions to his toil were his occasional journeys, but these were all made tributary to his work. In these journeys, as soon as he had fairly thrown off the vexations of administrative service, he entered on new scenes with the glee of a boy, and records his impressions of delight without restraint or reserve. We shall be mistaken if the charming journals of travel only lightly freighted with botanical lore but rich in friendly gossip, botanical and other, do not prove welcome to many a reader who does not know one plant from another. Mrs. Gray has made these volumes of great interest to all botanists by her judicious choice of letters written at critical periods or on most timely subjects, but she has done well not to overload the work by matters too technical. Annotations in footnotes supply all needed explanations.

The letters written during the civil war

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show how deeply this assiduous student was concerned as to the issue of the struggle. He seems to have seen early that the war would result in the destruction of slavery and in a new South, and he cannot conceal his joy that the South which he loved so well, and where he had passed so many happy days in exploration, had thrown off its burden of slavery.

On page 117 of the first volume is an account of a visit in 1839 to the College of Surgeons, London, to see Prof. Owen. "We there met Mr. Darwin, the naturalist who accompanied Capt. King in the *Beagle*." This was Gray's first personal acquaintance with Charles Darwin. It is well known to our readers that his hearty interest in Mr. Darwin's speculations led, shortly after the publication of the 'Origin of Species,' to the closest intimacy between these naturalists. It is also widely known that Dr. Gray's attitude towards Darwinism conciliated many persons who were concerned chiefly for the effect which the hypothesis might have on religious thought. From first to last, Dr. Gray saw nothing in Darwinism, as he understood it, which was inconsistent with his religious belief. In none of these letters are Dr. Gray's religious views brought obtrusively forward, but enough is stated to give in his own language an expression of his belief.

Throughout the volumes, one comes suddenly upon gleams of humor and sharp critical points, but there is no suggestion of malice or cynicism; there is no trace of petulance or jealousy. That Dr. Gray was at times wholesomely impatient is clear. Many a touch in the letters and in the notes by Mrs. Gray will bring the great botanist very near to the readers of these volumes—the fondness for his pets; his dismay at certain college duties; and his deep interest in activities lying far from his own field of labor. But there is a pathetic side, of which we catch glimpses, which brings him nearer still—the crushing weight of trivial questions, all of which he answered conscientiously with his own hand; anxieties about the preservation and care of the noble collections which he had brought together; the discouraging magnitude of the ever-growing task before him, rendered almost hopeless by the scanty means at his disposal, when large means were needed most for largest ends. We must close this notice by an extract from a letter written to Mrs. Gray by Dean Church, after Dr. Gray's death. It is printed immediately after the last letter written by Dr. Gray to Dean Church, who was for many years a cherished correspondent: "The sweetness and charity which we remember so well in living converse is always on the lookout for some pleasant feature in the people of whom he writes, and to give kindliness and equity to his judgment."

The Life and Writings of Jared Sparks: Comprising Selections from his Journals and Correspondence. By Herbert B. Adams. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1893.

THE life of Jared Sparks deserved to be told, but it is a pity that the telling of it has not fallen to a biographer who holds a different idea of what biography should be from that held by Prof. Adams. He believes in the method of compilation, in "letting his subject speak for himself." This is all well enough when the subject is a lively or original letter-writer; but Sparks was neither. His letters are singularly devoid of ease, directness, and interest. Though he saw, during the course of fifty very busy years, the most eminent men in American public and literary life, and many of the politicians and writers of England and France, his correspondence and journals, so far as Prof. Adams quotes from them, noticeably lack those personal pictures, those salient traits, which make the illustrious dead seem alive again. To Sparks, Jefferson and Madison and Lafayette appear to have been merely the possessors of documents which he wished to copy and publish; that they were historic personages in the flesh, notable then and there as such, was a minor consideration to him, or, at any rate, he had no power of delineating them. Had plain Jones and Smith possessed the coveted manuscripts, their individuality could not have been a matter of more indifference to him. If we misjudge him in this respect, let the blame fall on his biographer, who has shown us only this side of Sparks's life. Evidently the correspondence of a collector of historical material wanting in all the qualities which make letters entertaining, should have been sparingly quoted. The fact that on a given day Sparks wrote three or four foolscap pages to ask some one to lend him a package of Washington's letters, may well enough be recorded in his biography, but to fill the better part of two thick octavo volumes with such epistles is to tie a millstone to them.

This result is hardly to be avoided when a biographer adopts the method which Prof. Adams has chosen. The mere heaping together of documents, though it lightens the author's task to a minimum, does not, cannot, produce a satisfactory historical work. We have an old-fashioned prejudice that the mind, and not a shovel, should be the historian's chief instrument. The mind should have judgment, a sense of proportion and fitness, which it would be idle to look for in a poor inanimate shovel. The biographer, endowed with such a mind, should determine how he can best represent the person whose life he has undertaken to write; what attitude is the most characteristic, what light the most favorable for a truthful, vivid portrait. Assuming that the biographer possesses this indispensable equipment and uses this method, there is still another quality without which his work cannot hope to endure. What that quality is we may learn from the following advice given by Alexander H. Everett to Sparks in 1826, when the latter proposed to write a history of the American Revolution. The proposed history, says Everett, "furnishes a glorious subject. As respects the probability of success, the great point is *style*. Precision and accuracy in dates and facts, correct views of morals and politics, are taken for granted, but contribute very little to the popularity of the work. A history would have no value without them, but even with them will have no success unless the author narrate his events and state his reflections in such a way as to please the taste and ear" (i., 288). Prof. Adams will probably deem it a compliment when we say with regret that we have failed to discover any trace of style in these volumes; because he more than once speaks scornfully of historians who write narratives instead of stating facts.

Having thus briefly indicated the general grounds for pronouncing this work unsatisfactory, it remains for us to remind the present generation of some of the points in Jared Sparks's career which deserve to be commemorated in a biography of proper size. In the first place, his early life was that of the typical scholarly New Englander at the beginning of this century. A poor boy, with a strong love of study, he worked his way from his village home to the academy at Exeter; thence he went to Harvard and partly supported himself by teaching school in vacation; then, like Everett and others, he entered the ministry, which was still the chosen profession of earnest young men with a leaning towards literature. He felt the full exhilarating influence of Unitarianism, and went to Baltimore as the apostle of liberalism in religion. Gradually, however, his talent for historical work preponderated, and this, combined with ill-health, led him to resign the ministry and assume the editorship of the *North American Review*. His services to American letters in that position can hardly be overestimated. He attracted to the *Review* contributors of recognized ability, and still more those whose ability first had a chance to display itself through that medium, and thus he made the *Review* not only the representative periodical in America, but the exponent before European readers of the best American thought of the time. His editorial duties fixed his attention on American historical subjects, and finally he resolved to fit himself to become the historian of the Revolution. His researches in this field opened to him vast quantities of documentary material which had not only not been previously used, but not even properly arranged and indexed. He conceived the difficult project of printing Washington's correspondence and official papers, and to accomplish this he visited all the archives in this country, went to London and Paris to consult the state papers there, and persisted during ten years, with infinite patience, until his work was completed. In similar fashion, he edited the correspondence of Franklin and of Gouverneur Morris, and drew from obscurity the manuscript material of many other of the less conspicuous actors in our Revolutionary and constitutional history.

This we take to be the distinctive achievement of his life. He was a pioneer in the almost unbroken jungle of American historical data, as surely as Otfried Müller was in the excavations in Greece, or Layard in Mesopotamia. By his unwearied perseverance he not only brought to light many documents of prime importance, but also inspired other explorers with similar zeal, which has resulted in the collection and preservation of innumerable manuscripts that might otherwise have been lost. For this he merits the gratitude of posterity, irrespective of the fact that his own historical writings are now but little read, or that his editions of Washington and Franklin are superseded by others more nearly complete. Nor should it be forgotten that he gave an immense impetus to the study of the first half century of our national life, and so helped to bring about the recognition that for Americans their own history is most interesting. Add to these claims to remembrance the fact that, for ten years as professor of history at Harvard, Jared Sparks exerted a wide influence on the methods of historical teaching in American colleges, and that he was for four years president of Harvard; remember, also, that he was a man of strong personal character, unflinching in his discharge of duties, magnanimous to his literary critics, alive to many interests beyond the somewhat narrow pale of his editorial work, and it will be seen that he furnishes a fair subject for a skilful biographer.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Aldrich, T. B. Mercedes: A Drama in Two Acts. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.
Ashmore, Prof. S. G. The Adelphoe of Terence. Macmillan. $1.
Bamford, Rev. J. M. The Cracked Hearthstone. Hunt & Eaton. 70 cents.
Benson, E. F. Dodo: A Detail of the Day. Appletons.
Benson, W. A. S. Elements of Handicraft and Design. Macmillan. $1.60.
Betham-Edwards, M. The Curb of Honor. Anglo-American Publishing Co. $1.

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Bjornson, Björnstjerne. Pastor Sang. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.
Black, William. The Handsome Humes. Harpers. $1.50.
Blok, P. J. Geschiedenis van het Nederlandsche Volk. Vol. II. Groningen: J. B. Wolters.
Bowley, A. L. A Short Account of England's Foreign Trade. London: Sonnenschein; New York: Scribners. $1.
Brown, W. H. Business Correspondence and Manual of Dictation. Excelsior Publishing Co.
Budge, E. A. W. The Mummy: Chapters on Egyptian Funereal Archæology. Cambridge: University Press; New York: Macmillan. $3.25.
Carnegie, Andrew. Triumphant Democracy. Revised ed. Scribners. $3.
Chamberlayne, C. T. Best on Evidence. New International ed. London: Sweet & Maxwell; Boston: Boston Book Co. $5.
Champney, Elizabeth W. Witch Winnie in Paris. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Champney, Elizabeth W. Six Boys. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.
Chandler, H. P. The Lover's Year Book of Poetry, Married-Life, and Child-Life. 2 vols. Boston: Roberts Bros. $2.50.
Chatterbox, 1893. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.
Chittenden, L. E. An Unknown Heroine. Richmond, Croscup & Co.
Cholmondeley, Mary. Diana Tempest. Appletons.
Clark, John. Manual of Linguistics. Edinburgh: James Thin: New York: Putnams. $2.
Clement, Clara E. The Queen of the Adriatic; or, Venice, Mediæval and Modern. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. $3.
Cleveland, L. Lotus-Life, and Other Poems. Putnams. $1.25.
Cobban, J. M. The Burden of Isabel. Harpers. 50 cents.
Colson, F. H. Cicero Pro Milone. Macmillan. 60 cents.
Connelly, J. H. Hetty, or the Old Grudge. Robert Bonner's Sons. $1.
Darlington, W. M. Christopher Gist's Journals: Pittsburgh: J. R. Weldin & Co.
Deland, Mrs. Margaret. The Old Garden, and Other Verses. Decorated by Walter Crane. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $4.
Dumas, Alexandre. Olymphe de Clèves, 2 vols. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3.
Ellis, E. S. The River and Wilderness Series. 3 vols. St. Paul: Price-McGill Co. $3.75.
Farrar, Rev. F. W. Cathedrals of England. Whittaker. $1.50.
Favorite Dishes: A Columbian Autograph Souvenir Cookery Book. Chicago: C. V. Shuman. $1.50.
Fawcett, E. D. Hartmann the Anarchist: or, The Doom of the Great City. London: Edward Arnold; New York: Macmillan. $1.25.
Fernald, F. A. Index to the *Popular Science Monthly* from 1872 to 1892. Appletons.
Field-Marshal von Moltke as a Correspondent. Harpers. $2.50.
Foster, Prof. M. A Text-Book of Physiology. 6th ed. Part I. Macmillan. $2.60.
Francis, Edward. Wagner: A Short Account of his Life and Works. [Petite Library.] Brentanos. 50 cents.
Furneaux, W. The Out-Door World; or, The Young Collector's Handbook. Longmans, Green & Co. $2.50.
Gasper, Howland. The Complete Sportsman. *Forest and Stream* Publishing Co. $2.
Gordon, E. A. "Clear Round!" or, Seeds of Stories from Other Countries. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.; New York: Scribners.
Gore, Prof. J. H. Auerbach's Brigitta. Boston: Ginn & Co. 55 cents.
Gorton, Dr. D. A. The Monism of Man. Putnams. $2.
Grand, Sarah. Ideala. M. J. Ivers & Co. 25 cents.
Gray, Jane L. Letters of Asa Gray. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $4.
Guerber, H. A. Myths of Greece and Rome. American Book Co. $1.50.
Haggard, H. R. Montezuma's Daughter. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.
Halliburton, W. D. The Essentials of Chemical Physiology. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.
Hamilton, P. J. Rambles in Historic Lands. Putnams. $1.75.
Harper, Prof. W. R., and Castle, Prof. C. F. An Inductive Greek Primer. American Book Co. $1.25.
Harrison, Wilmot. Memorable Paris Houses. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.; New York: Scribners. $2.25.
Higginson, T. W., and M. T. Such as They Are: Poems. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.
Hill, Georgiana. A History of English Dress. 2 vols. Putnams. $7.50.
Jenks, Tudor. The *Century* World's Fair Book for Boys and Girls. Century Co.
Jerome, J. K. Novel Notes. Henry Holt & Co. $1.25.
Johnson, C. N. The Hermit of the Nonquon. Rand, McNally & Co. 75 cents.
Karpeles, Gustav. Heinrich Heine's Life Told in his Own Words. Henry Holt & Co. $1.75.
Legge, A. O. Sunny Manitoba. London: T. Fisher Unwin; New York: Putnams. $2.50.
Leland, C. G. Memoirs. Appletons.
McCabe, Lida R. The American Girl at College. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.
Meyer, Rev. F. B. Joshua and the Land of Promise. F. H. Revell Co. $1.
Nansen, Fridtjof. Eskimo Life. Longmans, Green & Co. $4.
O'Hagan, Thomas. In Dreamland, and Other Poems. Toronto: Williamson Book Co.
Ortoli, Frédéric. Evening Tales. Done into English by Joel Chandler Harris. Scribners. $1.
Saint-Amand, Imbert de. The Court of Louis XV. Scribners. $1.25.
Salisbury, W. A. Portugal and its People: A History. T. Nelson & Sons. $1.50.
Sargent, C. S. The Silva of North America. Vol. V. Hamamelidæ-Sapotaceæ. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Schenk, Prof. S. L. Manual of Bacteriology for Practitioners and Students. Longmans, Green & Co. $3.
Schreiner, Olive. Dream Life and Real Life. Boston: Roberts Bros. 60 cents.
Scott, Prof. F. N., and Denny, Prof. J. V. Paragraph-Writing. Boston: Allyn & Bacon. 80 cents.
Seelye, Mrs. Elizabeth E. The Story of Washington. Appletons. $1.75.
Selected Proofs from the *Century Magazine* and *St. Nicholas*. Century Co.
Select Thoughts on God and Man from Robertson of Brighton. Hunt & Eaton. $1.
Selous, F. C. Travel and Adventure in Southeast Africa. London: Rowland Ward & Co.; New York: Scribners. $10.
Shedd, Rev. W. G. T. Orthodoxy and Heterodoxy: A Miscellany. Scribners. $2.
Shepp's World's Fair Photographed. Philadelphia; Globe Bible Publishing Co. $1.
Sterling, A. H. Torch-Bearers of History. T. Nelson & Sons. 80 cents.
Stredder, Eleanor. Doing and Daring: A New Zealand Story. T. Nelson & Sons. $1.25.
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